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THE WAR WITH AFGHANISTAN.

THE Afghan Committee has not been fortunate either in its unconsciously appropriate title or in its first attempt at active intervention. Lord LAWRENCE's application to Lord BEACONSFIELD for an interview with an Afghan deputation seemed as if it had been framed to invite the courteous and decisive refusal which it received. The PRIME MINISTER could scarcely be expected to provide additional publicity for hostile criticisms on the policy of the Government which, as he reminded Lord LAWRENCE, had already been propounded at great length in the columns of the *Times*. It would have scarcely accorded with constitutional custom to discuss with a self-appointed Committee of irreconcilable opponents the time at which Parliament should be summoned for the despatch of business. Lord BEACONSFIELD replied, with much effect, that his Government would strictly comply with the letter and spirit of the Act which defines their duties to Parliament in the event of an Indian war. It is expressly provided that orders for immediate war shall be laid before Parliament, if it is in Session, within three months, and, if there is no Session of Parliament within three months, then within one month from its next meeting. The letter is plain enough, and the spirit or policy of the Act is that the Government shall in the first instance assume the responsibility, and that it shall not be necessary to consult Parliament until some time has elapsed from the declaration of war. The constitution of the Committee is more objectionable than its maladroitness; but its organization might perhaps be allowed to pass without criticism, but for the name of a Chairman from whom it derives all its importance. It is strange that an old Indian administrator of the highest rank and of well-deserved reputation should think it right to engage in a popular agitation against the policy of the Indian Government. It is still more to be regretted that, while the resolution of SHERE ALI was still doubtful, Lord LAWRENCE should allow him to hope that his contumacy would be excused and vindicated by one whom he probably regards as the greatest English authority on India. It may be taken for granted that every circumstance which can encourage the AMEER to resistance is communicated to him from day to day by his Russian friends at Cabul. If SHERE ALI had hesitated as to the answer to the VICEROY's latest summons, it is not improbable that he might have been diverted from a purpose of submission by the assurance that Lord LAWRENCE was on his side.

Even before it was known that the troops had crossed the frontier, the interest of the correspondence between Lord LAWRENCE and Lord BEACONSFIELD had been superseded by Lord CRANBROOK's so-called secret despatch, which has apparently been both published and written for general information. The narrative has probably anticipated on the main points voluminous despatches which will be circulated as soon as they are printed. Lord LAWRENCE had oddly requested that the publication should begin with the date of Lord LYTTON's arrival in India. It must be supposed that Lord LAWRENCE believes the present VICEROY to be exclusively responsible for the complications which have arisen; yet, as he knew, by far the most decisive measure in the whole course of the transactions was taken before Lord LYTTON's time, not by his predecessor, but by the Government at home. It appears that the correspondence to be published extends over fifteen years, beginning with Lord LAWRENCE's Viceroyalty. In

that time circumstances have greatly changed, and it is at least possible that it may have been prudent, after the recent advance of the Russian frontier, to abandon or reverse a policy which may have been judiciously followed by Lord LAWRENCE. The real date of the rupture which caused the present embarrassment was neither 1876 nor 1867, but 1873, during Lord NORTHBROOK's Viceroyalty. A week ago the statement that the late Government alienated the good-will of the AMEER could only be hypothetically made. The report was indeed, to some extent, confirmed by its intrinsic probability; but Lord CRANBROOK's official record of the negotiations is more trustworthy than the most plausible rumour.

It is now known that, after the conquest of Khiva and the non-fulfilment of the EMPEROR's personal promise that it should not be retained, SHERE ALI was naturally apprehensive of attacks on his own dominions, especially as he knew that one of his family who had been a pretender to the throne was living under the protection of the Russian Commander-in-Chief in Turkestan. Accordingly in 1873 the AMEER asked Lord NORTHBROOK for a guarantee of his territory against foreign invasion; and one of the most cautious of Viceroys wisely came to the conclusion that the request ought to be granted. It may be assumed that the demand of SHERE ALI would, if it had been admitted, have required limitations and conditions. A defensive alliance would have involved a right to prevent the Afghan Government from giving just cause of offence to Russia or the dependents of Russia. That Lord NORTHBROOK thought such arrangements practicable is proved by his acceptance of the principle that Afghanistan should be defended against Russia. The obligation which would have been undertaken would not have been practically onerous, because it was certain that the Russians would never attack Afghanistan at the cost of war with England. There would not even have been a pretext for Russian objection to the alliance. In 1873 the EMPEROR and Prince GORTCHAKOFF had not repudiated the agreement with Lord GRANVILLE by which Russia undertook to abstain from interference in Afghan affairs. The promise for which SHERE ALI then asked would have been strictly consistent with Prince GORTCHAKOFF's suggestion that the English Government should control the policy of the AMEER. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE had in nervous haste disclaimed the responsibility which Prince GORTCHAKOFF reasonably desired to impose; but the Russian Government had nevertheless not withdrawn its assent to the compromise which had been concluded with Lord GRANVILLE.

When the proposal for a defensive alliance was laid before Mr. GLADSTONE's Government, some of the Ministers must have known that the rejection of a precisely similar overture from DOST MAHOMMED forty years ago had, by throwing him into the arms of Russia and Persia, furnished the pretext or reason for the unfortunate war which followed. It was nearly certain that a repetition of Lord AUCKLAND's blunder would produce a precisely similar effect at a time when Russia, which was in 1838 separated by wide regions from Afghanistan, had now become a formidable neighbour. On one side were prudence, honour, and historical analogy; on the other was the bare possibility that Russia might take or profess offence at an independent act on the part of England. It is not known whether the Cabinet was divided in opinion; but there can be little doubt who were the principal advocates of a cowardly

refusal. The devotees of peace deliberately rejected the friendship of a potentate who was not likely to observe a mean between alliance and bitter enmity. From 1873 to the present day SHERE ALI has scornfully repelled all overtures from the Indian Government, and he has sedulously cultivated the relations which culminate in the reception of the Russian Envoy at Cabul. During the same five years Russia has prepared to make Afghanistan the basis of hostile operations against India. Mr. GLADSTONE had made SHERE ALI an enemy and prepared the way for Russian supremacy at Cabul two or three years before he hounded on the populace against a Government which was suspected of designed resistance to Russian ambition in Europe and Asia. It remained for the Government, and eventually for Parliament and the nation, to determine whether it was safer to await attack on the right bank of the Indus, or to coerce the Afghan ruler into friendly or inoffensive conduct. It would have been equally foolish and immoral to go to war for the sole purpose of making a frontier more scientific; but Lord BEACONSFIELD'S thoughts and acts are not so capricious or paradoxical as some of his rhetorical phrases. There was reason to fear that submission to a deliberate affront, and to the preference accorded to Russia, might be dangerous. A rebuff which was only mortifying might well be endured in preference to the alternative of war. One justification of the war may be found in the audacious speech of General KAUFMANN to the Afghan Envoy. The Governor-General of TURKESTAN publicly announces the determination of Russia to protect Afghanistan against England. If he is not disavowed, the Afghan Committee will find it difficult to disprove the existence of that imminent danger which all those who have recently taken part in the discussion admit as a sufficient cause of war. In resolving to invade Afghanistan the Government may have been mistaken; but it was right that the decision should be made by the responsible Ministers in concert with the Government of India, and not by public meetings, or even by Parliamentary majorities; for it is impossible that the Indian Empire should be governed by popular opinion in England. The Indian Government has wisely prohibited the despatch of telegrams relating to military operations. Some English newspapers had already given sufficient proof that no consideration of the public interest would prevent them from furnishing to the enemy all the information within their reach.

#### THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT.

THE attempt on the life of King HUMBERT has followed in quick succession on the attempts to assassinate the German EMPEROR and the King of SPAIN. All these attempts have been strangely similar in character. In all the assassin, so far as has been discovered, has acted without accomplices, and has given vent to the feeling of a general hatred of monarchs rather than striven to carry out a political design. In all the intending assassin has been imbued with those ideas of social regeneration which have been taken under the protection of the International. In all the intended victims behaved with a calmness and composure which befitted their dignity. The character and antecedents of the sovereign appear to have exercised no influence on the imagination of the murderer. The German EMPEROR and the King of SPAIN might be taken as in some way representing absolutism; but the King of ITALY is as Liberal as it is possible for a sovereign to be. The simple object of the assassin has been to kill a King, whoever the King might be. Something perhaps must be allowed for the stimulus of fashion, and the notoriety of one crime of the sort may have suggested the commission of another. But the epidemic of assassination is not enough to account for all the criminals being of the same class. The fact seems to be that what is known in Russia as Nihilism is a disease which extends more or less to the nations of the Continent generally. There is among the idle and worthless a vague dissatisfaction with everything that exists, and a contempt for the standing restraints of morality. The criminal commits the crime because he fancies that he should like to commit it, and does not care whether it is called a crime or not. He does not want to punish the particular King he attacks for anything which that King has done, or to set up another King in his stead, or to have a Republic. He

tries to kill the sovereign because he has persuaded himself that Kings of all kinds are better out of the way. What is to follow on the death of his victim is a matter of indifference to him. The attack on King HUMBERT does not appear to have had anything to do with the character of the Neapolitans, or the treatment of the Church by the Italian monarchy, or the leniency shown by the Government to the mobs who have lately been shouting about "Italia Irredenta." It has not, so far as is known, been the work of any clique, or band, or secret society. Further investigations may show that the attack on the King of ITALY was prompted by some such band or society; but it is certain that all the researches of the police failed to establish anything of the sort in the case of the attacks on the sovereigns of Germany and Spain. If all these attempts have been the unassisted work of aimless individuals, it is obvious that no political lessons are to be learnt from them. It is just as much a matter of controversy as it ever was whether a liberal or an absolute policy presents the best barrier against Socialism. It is curious that even in Russia the point seems to be so far considered an open one that the CÉSAREWITCH is reported to have lately given it as his opinion that the best way to combat Nihilism was to grant a liberal Constitution. His views did not prevail, and it was decided to make even Russian severity more severe. But that the heir to the throne should have thought a complete change of system advisable may be at least taken to show that in the regions of royalty the policy of King HUMBERT has attractions as well as the policy of Prince BISMARCK.

The immediate effect of these attempts has naturally been to increase the popularity of the sovereigns who have been attacked. Italy has at least rivalled, if it has not eclipsed, Germany in the fervour with which it has congratulated itself and its sovereign on his happy escape. It happened, too, that at Naples the PRIME MINISTER was present, and showed much courage and presence of mind in grappling with the assassin, receiving a wound in the encounter, not happily of a serious character, but sufficient to make him a hero in the eyes of honest Italians. The Ministry will therefore benefit, as well as the King, by the misdeed of the wretched brute who has gained notoriety by his crime. Henceforth it will be a sad necessity that increased precautions should be taken to preserve the lives of sovereigns. The King of ITALY, imprudently as it turned out, but with a generous confidence in his people, refused to enter Naples under the protection of the usual military escort. In future it will be wrong to allow such precautions to be omitted, and thus a new burden will be added to the many burdens which sovereigns have to bear. Such marked men as the Czar and the late Emperor NAPOLEON and Prince BISMARCK have always had to be protected by every device of a watchful police. But then they have known they were marked men. They have done things which they were well aware would make many men like to kill them, if any one was bold enough and wicked enough to make the attempt. It is possible that King ALFONSO might have thought it not improbable that a Carlist or Republican fanatic would try to kill him. But the German EMPEROR and the King of ITALY have done nothing more than carry out the general policy of their country. It is true that both sovereigns have had a quarrel with the Church of Rome, and if those who tried to assassinate them had been the instruments of a clerical conspiracy, there would have been an intelligible cause for the crime. They would then have had to measure the danger they ran from the possibility of the attempt being renewed, and they might perhaps have calculated that an unsuccessful crime, prompted by ecclesiastical motives, does such infinite harm to the authors that they need not seriously fear a repetition of the attack. But there is not any reason whatever for attributing the attempts on the lives of the German EMPEROR and the King of ITALY to the promptings of ecclesiastical revenge or design. Politically this is very satisfactory. It is a good thing that the crimes were not due to a wish to promote the interests of the Church, or to see a dynasty changed, or a Republic established, or to the decree of a secret society that a blow should be struck for any of the strange purposes to fulfil which secret societies are formed. But personally for the sovereigns themselves it is terrible that, whatever they may do and however they may behave, there should be in existence a set of half-idiotic loafers who will try, if they have a chance, to kill them, merely because they belong to the general class of sovereigns.



How it should happen that such a set of persons exists is a problem much easier to raise than to solve. The German Government has apparently solved it to its satisfaction. It considers these men as the products of a tainted moral atmosphere, and that the moral atmosphere has been tainted by Socialism. If, therefore, the tenets of Socialism can no longer be advocated in speech or writing, the taint will disappear, and no more Kings will have their lives imperilled. For the moment the preliminary question, whether the tenets of Socialism can be suppressed in this way, may be left on one side. But it is assumed rather than proved that it is the enunciation of any distinct set of Socialistic tenets that has prompted the attempts at assassination. The most marked feature in the moral condition of all the assassins has been that they have no programme, Socialistic or otherwise. All that can be said is that they have been dissatisfied with things as they are, and that Socialists share this dissatisfaction. But the causes of dissatisfaction cannot be removed by repressing Socialism. The chief of these causes are the poverty of the masses in large towns, the contrast of great riches, the degree of education which makes men think a little and not much, and a decay in the influence of religion. Repressing Socialism will not improve the condition of the masses in Berlin, nor raise the standard of education, nor bring about a religious revival. The dissatisfied will no longer be able to read Socialist journals, but they will remain dissatisfied. They will feel their own unhappiness, and ask for its reasons and its remedies. What these remedies ought to be is quite undecided by those who profess to guide them. At the present moment the German Government has no more vital question to decide than whether the return to Protection after which it is hankering will not necessarily foster Socialism far more than its new laws can repress Socialism. So far as is visible at present, the spirit of dissatisfaction is likely to grow stronger rather than weaker in Europe. It will endure until men see that they have got as much as in the constitution of the world it is possible they should get; until they are educated enough to understand the limits of what the State, or any body of men outside themselves, can do for them; and until, some day or other, by the teachings of religion, philosophy, or experience, the sense of right and wrong is deepened. Meanwhile, it seems by no means impossible that the mania for killing kings should disappear, partly by the change of fashion in crime, but partly also by stringent precautions being used, so as to make attempts almost impossible, and by invariably executing those who make the attempt.

#### AGRICULTURAL DIFFICULTIES.

THE strike of some farm-labourers in Kent and Sussex forms a perceptible addition to the prevailing anxiety and distress. In such cases it is useless to express or even to form a moral estimate of the merits of the dispute. If it seems rash for a body of men who have no accumulated reserve of funds to refuse employment at the season when their services can best be spared, labourers have, like the rest of the world, in a certain sense a right to disregard their own immediate interests for reasons which seem to themselves sufficient. In this case the farmers have furnished occasion or pretext for the strike by a concerted reduction of wages. If a similar measure had been adopted eight or ten years ago, the labourers would probably have submitted; but they have since become acquainted with the system of Trade-Unions, and they perhaps rely with excessive confidence on the unfamiliar machinery of combination. If they persist in their refusal to accept reduced wages, they will have to suffer much hardship during the winter; especially as the Poor-law Guardians will not be disposed to relax in their favour the administration of the law. It appears that in the South-Eastern counties the cottages are generally in the hands of the tenant-farmers, who cannot afford to sublet them to any occupiers except workmen actually employed on the land. Many of the labourers will therefore find themselves homeless in the dead of winter, with no alternative place of residence but the workhouse. There is no reason to suppose that the farmers will deal harshly with the men on strike; but they must provide houses for substitutes whom they may be compelled to procure. At a meeting lately held the assembled labourers accepted an offer from a Canadian provincial Government to furnish

them with land on certain terms; but it is not known whether the proposal includes the cost of passage for themselves and their families. Their leaders may perhaps exaggerate their schemes of intended emigration for the purpose of alarming the employers of labour; but the Union has already sent out families to Australia. There is no doubt that the facility of obtaining a livelihood in other temperate climates materially affects the value of English agricultural labour. Mechanics and artisans sometimes find their trades overstocked in the United States, in Australia, or in Canada; but an able-bodied farm-labourer is always a welcome immigrant.

The reduced wages will, according to the statement of the farmers, amount to about fifteen shillings a week. It is invidious and painful for persons who are in comparatively comfortable circumstances to inquire into the lowest cost of wholesome food and decent clothing; but, if the present condition of farm-labourers is compared with that of a few years ago, there is no reason to suppose that a reduction of eighteenpence a week will cause absolute distress. Bread, which forms a large proportion of their expenditure, has seldom been so cheap as at present; and no ordinary article of consumption except tobacco has risen in price. The winter rate of wages is not the average of the year. In all parts of the kingdom additional money is earned during harvest; and in Kent and Sussex the hops furnish a second harvest in September. It may be added that the art of cultivating hops is to some extent a monopoly in the hands of the local labourers. The neighbourhood of London probably secures the home counties against a redundancy of labour. There is a constant drain of population from the country into the town, and various kinds of employment for unskilled labour, such as brickmaking, compete with the demands of the farmer. Wages have never been so low in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex as in the South-Western part of England, though they have not attained the level of Lincolnshire or Northumberland. The rate has been highest in East Kent, which includes some of the best arable land in England. At the best, fifteen shillings a week is a scanty income; and, if the labourers can obtain better wages, the strike is economically justifiable; but there is reason to suppose that the farmers had carefully considered the question before they determined on the reduction, and they will not be easily moved from their purpose. In common with other employers, they have probably found that of late years labour has become less efficient with every rise in wages. The growth of idleness among the working population has been one of the most unsatisfactory results of the long season of prosperity which is now interrupted or closed. It may be permitted to the class which is not engaged in the irksome round of manual labour to regret a change which it would perhaps be ungenerous to blame.

The case of the farmers is that their business is comparatively unremunerative, and that they are consequently compelled to reduce their expenses. Several bad seasons have greatly reduced the home production of grain, while increased importation is constantly lowering the price. Different kinds of cattle disease, and the measures which have been found necessary to check contagion, have at the same time injuriously affected the trade in live stock; and, as it has already been remarked, labour has become dearer and worse. Long experience has shown that the competition of foreign live cattle is not to be greatly feared; but breeders and graziers regard with not unnatural anxiety the increased importation of dead meat. If disease could be abolished, there is little doubt that the English farmer would hold his own in the production of stock; but it is doubtful whether the growth of wheat will ever again be as profitable as in former times. Barley, which is often a more paying crop than wheat, can only be advantageously grown on certain soils. It has been said in the course of the recent controversy that the farmers have in the estimate of their receipts not given credit for straw, which always tends to rise in value, and which is not imported; but either the straw must be returned to the land in the form of manure, or fertilizing substances must be bought to supply its place. The return from green crops is included in the value of the live stock on the farm. It is strange that the growers of the greater part of the hops produced in England have, in the course of the discussion, scarcely noticed their peculiar crop. No other cultivation is so amply rewarded in favourable years, but the growth of hops is exceptionally costly and both crops and prices

are precarious. An acre of hops requires an outlay of between 30*l.* and 40*l.* a year, and in a cold and wet summer there may perhaps be no crop.

As in all other public misfortunes, philanthropic theorists console themselves by the reflection that some of the numerous objects of their antipathy will be injured. The speakers at Exeter Hall only repeated and expanded previous comments on the strike. The strike of the Kent and Sussex labourers suggests the hope that the landlords throughout England may be compelled to lower their rents, with the result of making it necessary for many among them to sell their estates. As the fixed charges on the land will not be affected, reduction of income will fall exclusively on the nominal owner. It is probable that in many cases the expected fall in rents will occur. It seems that in the home counties candidates for vacant farms are generally to be found; but in other districts landlords find arable farms thrown on their hands. As it is impossible for any one but a professional farmer to cultivate land to advantage, owners will be compelled to attract tenants by a reduction of rent. It is not to be supposed that the majority of those who have been born and bred to the business of farming will relinquish the use of the only skill which they possess, for the purpose of embarking capital which is generally small in unaccustomed employments. As long as any profit can be made by farming there will be a demand for land on terms to be settled in each case by negotiation. If the present depression passes away, landlords will again have the pleasure of discussing with a dozen or a score of competitors the terms of occupation.

Landlords must, like all other classes, bear the consequences of the rise and fall of the market; but they have some cause to complain that in their seasons of adversity they become the objects of pedantic spite. They or their predecessors have invested their money, at a not excessive rate of interest, in a kind of property which is recognized by law. If it becomes at any time less valuable, their neighbours may at their pleasure regard them with compassion or indifference, but there is no reasonable ground for malignant satisfaction. The real cause of the ill-feeling with which they are regarded by sentimental economists is that they are few, and that they are for the most part of good social position. Above all, their possession of the land interferes with the doctrine that subdivision of landed property is commendable and expedient. The causes which make land a monopoly and a luxury are exclusively economical. The law may, for all practical purposes, be considered as neutral; for it is doubtful whether the abolition of settlements and entails would increase or diminish the accumulation of landed property in few hands. Complacent forecasts of the ruin of landowners are accompanied by the expectation that occupiers will hereafter become the owners of their farms. If the profits of agriculture diminish, farmers will be even less able than at present to sink in the purchase of the freehold the capital which might otherwise be employed in cultivation. Between fifty and sixty years ago there was a heavy fall in rents, and landlords had much difficulty in finding tenants; but, as other industries revived, agricultural distress passed over without any change in the tenure of land.

#### M. GAMBETTA AND M. DE FOURTOU.

THE French Chambers have lately enjoyed unusual opportunities of showing how little they care for one another. In the Senate the Right has been electing its candidates to the vacant life senatorships. In the Chamber of Deputies the Left have been freely unseating the representatives of the Right. As regards the latter exploit, it was probably inevitable. It might have been better if the return of such pronounced and characteristic members of the reactionary party as M. DE FOURTOU and M. DE MUN could have been acquiesced in without remark; but from the moment that their elections were questioned there could be no doubt as to the result. As regards M. DE MUN, no seat could have survived the production of that wonderful telegram from the sub-prefect to the prefect, and of the prefect's reply. The subordinate official had apparently been instructed to ascertain what particular form of Government pressure M. DE MUN would most like to have applied. In case he should have no preferences upon this point, the sub-prefect seems to have been further directed to ask him whether a local agricultural society, the members of which

presumably supported his opponents, should be dissolved. It turned out, however, that M. DE MUN had a decided opinion of his own upon this point, and accordingly the sub-prefect telegraphed that M. DE MUN would prefer judicial proceedings being taken against the president of the society. It was all one to the authorities whether prosecution or dissolution were the course adopted, and the sub-prefect was ordered by telegram to instruct the public prosecutor to take the necessary steps to carry out the official candidate's wish. This incident may not have influenced a single vote; but, inasmuch as M. DE MUN was returned, it is impossible to feel any certainty upon this head. As when he again comes forward as a candidate he will not be consulted upon the nature of the coercion to be applied to his opponents, he will now have an occasion of proving to the Chamber that his election was annulled without real cause. As regards M. DE FOURTOU, there was no need for the production of specific instances of pressure by the Government. M. DE FOURTOU was the principal instrument in all the pressure which has been shown to have been used, and he is not likely to have left untried in his own case an expedient to which he resorted so freely in the case of others. Every fresh seat that has been declared vacant on the ground of undue influence was another charge set down as proved against the man at whose instance this undue influence had been exerted. Even apart from such facts as that he had obtained the arrest of an important elector, and kept him in confinement until the election was over, M. DE FOURTOU would certainly have been unseated. Nothing short of a determination on the part of the Left to contest no more returns could possibly have saved him.

The debate on M. DE FOURTOU's election was enlivened by one of those scenes which have happily been less common in the Chamber of Deputies than in the National Assembly. M. DE FOURTOU described M. GAMBETTA's speech at Romans as a declaration of war against all Frenchmen who are not Republicans. M. GAMBETTA at once surrendered himself to real or simulated indignation, and declared that M. DE FOURTOU's statement was a lie. M. GRÉVY then interposed somewhat in the tone in which the proprietor of a school might take a popular boy to task for insulting an usher under notice to leave. He tells him that the expression he has just used must not be uttered in the Chamber, and then tries to take the edge off the censure by expressing his conviction that M. GAMBETTA himself will acknowledge that his language was unparliamentary. M. GAMBETTA at first refused to withdraw the word unless "the man in the tribune reverted to the truth"; and M. GRÉVY rejoined, in effect, that, without presuming to have an idea upon the justice of M. GAMBETTA's accusation of falsehood, the rules of the Chamber required it to be made in Parliamentary fashion. M. GAMBETTA then condescended to patronize M. GRÉVY to the extent of admitting this last remark to be well founded; and, not to be outdone in politeness, consented to withdraw the word "for the sake of the rules." If M. GAMBETTA proposes to fight a duel every time that a Bonapartist sends him a challenge, he will have either to put a very strict guard on his tongue, or to run risks which, even at thirty-five paces, may not always be without consequences which would be exceedingly unfortunate. The whole incident is far more creditable to M. DE FOURTOU, who to all appearance kept his temper, than to M. GAMBETTA, who either lost or pretended to lose it, or to M. GRÉVY, who seemed to feel that, with so big a fly as M. GAMBETTA entangled in a web of Parliamentary rules, they might perhaps break under the strain.

It is plain that the events of the last few days have intensified the mutual hatred of the Right and the Left. The defiance of all compromise which was shown in the election of the Life Senators and in the speeches of M. DE MUN and M. DE FOURTOU, together with the determination to show no mercy to members of the Right wherever there is any presentable reason for suspecting the validity of the election, abundantly prove this. It is not in itself a matter for much surprise, perhaps not even for much regret. The addition of three new Life Senators to the Right will not affect the position of parties in the Legislature after the 5th of January next, and it is no harm that Governments should be taught that, unless official pressure at elections is certain to return a Ministerial majority—in which case it is probably unnecessary—it is certain to make the ex-Ministerial minority still smaller than it need otherwise have been. The lesson is a sufficiently obvious one, but French Governments



have not been too disposed to learn it. Although, however, the widening of the gulf which divides the Right from the Left is in itself unimportant, it may not be unimportant in its results. The Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, who is usually well informed upon the policy of the Cabinet, considers that the effect of the election of Life Senators upon the Left will be considerable. The 5th of January will for the first time give the Republican party real power, and the first use it will make of this power will be to divide the spoils. After the vote of yesterday week not to endeavour to supplant its declared adversaries would be a sign of weakness. The Ambassador at Madrid has already been removed, and the diplomatic service will shortly be thoroughly purged. "With such irreconcilable enemies as the Republic has to defend itself from, it is nothing but logical and prudent that its defence abroad should not be confided to men who are notoriously hostile to it." What has been begun in one part of the public service will be extended by degrees to all. It is the duty of the Republican party "to fill all its posts with men on whom it can perfectly rely"; and this is not a duty in the performance of which the Republicans are likely to be at all slack. It is not very obvious why the election of three Conservative Life Senators should have imposed this novel obligation on the Government; but, if it proves to have done so, the Right may in the end be an instrument of doing a good deal of harm to the moderate Republic. A few days earlier this same Correspondent gave a very true account of the reasons which made M. THIERS persistently refuse to make a clean sweep of the persons whom he found in office when he became President. Some of these reasons no doubt are not now applicable. The hostility of the Right to the Republic, if it is equally bitter, is far less dangerous. The coalition of the reactionary parties which has now been defeated might then have been successful, and it was mainly prevented by the skill with which M. THIERS detached this and that member of it by the offer of place and income. There is one point, however, in which the resemblance between the two cases is considerable. M. THIERS founded the Republic by the hands of its enemies; and, if the Government like, it can make these enemies play the same part in preserving the Republic that they played in the first instance in creating it. What the Republic most needs to excite in the minds of Frenchmen is a belief in its stability, and the fact that office under it is held by persons of various opinions naturally tends to engender such a belief. The very people who might have been expected to disown the Republic are seen to be enlisted in its service, and unless the evidence that they have only done so with the intention of using their opportunities of doing mischief to better advantage is exceptionally conclusive, it will always be considered that to take office under a Government implies at the least a conviction that it is of no use to plot against it any longer. The longer the Republic remains the recognized and established Government of France, the stronger this presumption will become. There is no need for the Republic to forego this advantage, because it would be easy to take care that only approved Republicans were placed in positions which would give them any real power of thwarting the policy of the Government. In by far the greater number of cases the unmolested officials would have no means of doing anything beyond rendering that undesigned homage to the powers that be which is involved in obeying their orders and taking their money. By proscribing every official who does not come up to the latest Republican standard, a large amount of discontent and irritation will be excited without any equivalent gain.

#### SOUTH AFRICAN TROUBLES

IT is unfortunate that a petty war in South Africa should coincide in time with the more serious struggle on the North-Western frontier of India. Successive conflicts with different tribes on the frontiers of the English possessions, while they furnish the strongest reason for confederation, may perhaps for the present render it unpalatable to those settlements which are not immediately engaged in the struggle. The Caffres in the neighbourhood of the Cape Colony have been subdued for the time, and the Transvaal has now become the seat of war. The cause of quarrel with SECOCOENI, though it is imperfectly understood, probably consists in the occupa-

tion by Dutch farmers of portions of the territory which he claims. His former invasion of the Transvaal was the occasion of the annexation which was effected with the sanction of Lord CARNARVON by Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE. The Dutch forces had been defeated, and the comparative success of their native allies formed an additional reason for anxiety. There was reason to fear that hostilities might extend into the English settlements, and it was thought that a strong and impartial Government would be able to repress the chronic squabbles on the border. SECOCOENI, who at the time professed friendly feelings to the English authorities, has probably been disappointed by their maintenance of the claims of the Dutch settlers. He has now once more invaded the Transvaal; and the Swazies refuse to renew their former alliance with the colonists. Lord CHELMSFORD is occupied in preparations for the campaign; but he is exposed to much scarcity of transport by reason of a drought and of the consequent want of pasture for the oxen. The country of the hostile chief is difficult of access, and it is said that he is well provided with firearms. It may be assumed that there is no doubt of final success; but the war may probably be troublesome and expensive. The experiment of annexing the Transvaal has thus far not produced the anticipated result. The Dutch population has reason to congratulate itself on the powerful protection which it has secured; but the burden which devolves on the English Government is not altogether acceptable. Nevertheless the adjacent colony is probably well content to know that the neighbouring territory is protected by English troops, when Natal itself is threatened by a still more formidable enemy.

SECOCOENI is connected by some bond of dependency or allegiance with CETIWAYO, King of the Zulus, who are considered the most warlike of the South African tribes. It is said that the whole population is organized as an army; and the confidence of the troops in their own prowess has been confirmed by frequent success in native wars. The present KING, or chief, on his accession to power four or five years ago, proclaimed his intention of engaging in war for the purpose of acquiring military glory. During the former contest in the Transvaal he assumed a menacing attitude, though it was uncertain whether he was disposed to join SECOCOENI or to undertake a separate invasion of Natal. By the influence of Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE he was induced to abandon or adjourn his warlike designs; but he has now once more assembled his forces, and, should the English troops experience any serious reverse, he will probably take advantage of the opportunity to invade Natal. Sir BARTLE FRERE, who is now at Pietermaritzburg, will not fail to employ all diplomatic resources for the maintenance of peace; and if a Zulu war proves to be unavoidable, it is satisfactory to know that Lord CHELMSFORD is reputed to be an able officer. It is not a new discovery that large colonial possessions involve heavy responsibilities; but it is practically impossible to refuse protection to English settlers in uncivilized countries. Natal may perhaps in time become a thriving and populous colony; but for the present it is occupied only by a few thousands of Englishmen, surrounded by many times their number of natives, who are allied by blood and language with the independent tribes beyond the frontier. In expectation of a Zulu war the colonial Government has naturally turned its attention to schemes for levying native troops within the colony; but it seems that the English in Natal regard with apprehension any plan for furnishing their coloured neighbours with arms and discipline. They will probably in case of war find it necessary to waive the objection. Native auxiliaries have been employed in many parts of the world, not only by England, but by other conquering States. Military discipline has much effect in producing loyalty; and in difficult circumstances it is necessary to incur more or less risk. Zulus and Caffres are not the only uncivilized tribes with which Sir BARTLE FRERE has had to deal.

The frontier troubles have not weakened the arguments in favour of confederation. In a late speech at Durban the HIGH COMMISSIONER once more recommended the union of the South African colonies as the best security against the hostility of the native tribes. At the same time he remarked that confederation would be neither useful nor lasting unless it were wholly voluntary. For some years past, even when foreign questions have furnished the chief material of party contests, colonial policy has by consent or by chance been excluded from the influence of faction. Lord CARDWELL and Lord CARNARVON concurred in pro-

moting the creation of the Dominion of Canada; and Lord KIMBERLEY anticipated Lord CARNARVON in recommending confederation in South Africa. There can be no doubt of the willingness of the minor colonies to become parts of a great community; and perhaps the majority in the Cape may by this time have become convinced that the greatness and prosperity of the colony would be increased by its entrance into a federation of which it would be the most important member. Sir BARTLE FREERE's dismissal of Mr. MOLTENO and his Cabinet was ratified by the constituencies; and though the dispute between the HIGH COMMISSIONER and his Ministers turned rather on the conduct of the war than on the question of confederation, the present Parliament probably inclines to union. The Home Government, though it is not likely to change its policy, will not urge upon the colonists any measure which they may be disinclined to adopt. Experience shows that colonial politicians sometimes feel, and often affect, vigilant jealousy of any pressure which can be supposed to compromise their independence. Mr. MOLTENO had opposed the Colonial Office and the GOVERNOR on every possible occasion before he advanced the extravagant pretension of conducting the war independently of the GOVERNOR and the General in command. Against the project of confederation he could advance some plausible reasons. A part of the scheme was the separation of the Eastern and Western Provinces of the Cape, involving a probable loss of influence to the party which was at the time dominant in the Legislature. It was also likely that the minor colonies would gain more largely than the Cape by the consolidation of defensive forces; yet it seems impossible that the more powerful community should at any time allow a neighbouring English colony to be crushed by native invaders.

The troubles in South Africa will scarcely provide the Opposition with any pretext for attack on the Government. The only measure which admits of difference of opinion was the annexation of the Transvaal by Lord CARNARVON, who is no longer either a member or a friend of the Government. Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH is not known to have done anything new, except as far as it may have been his duty to take precautions against native enemies. The contention that the colonists ought to provide for their own defence would not be popular; and discussions as to the merits of quarrels with SECOCOENI or CETIWAYO would be generally regarded as idle. A barbarous chieftain with an army at his disposal and a neighbouring territory to plunder or conquer has no need to invent plausible reasons for going to war. A Zulu Committee organized in the interest of CETIWAYO would perhaps find a difficulty in reconciling its apologies with the professions of its client. The most reckless partisans will not accuse the Government either at home or in South Africa of any desire to provoke a war in which neither profit nor glory is likely to be obtained. Sir BARTLE FREERE will certainly not quarrel with the Zulu KING about a scientific frontier, and there is happily no civilized Power within reach of South Africa to disturb the peace by incessant intrigues. If it were found possible to strike an early blow against SECOCOENI, the Zulu KING might perhaps see the expediency of avoiding a collision; but the unhealthy season of summer is approaching, and perhaps delay may be unavoidable.

#### THE CULTURKAMPF IN GENEVA.

THE recent elections to the Swiss National Council and still more those to the Grand Council of Geneva are full of instruction for Continental Catholics. The lesson they convey comes shortly to this, that the Roman Catholic Church is really strongest when its policy is most opposed to its later traditions. In both these elections the Catholics, or rather the candidates supported by the Catholics, have been victorious, and in both the measures to which the successful party stands pledged are of a kind which are held in extreme disfavour in France or Italy. The object of the Catholics in Switzerland, and most of all perhaps in Geneva, is to put an end to the interference of the State in ecclesiastical matters. They are willing, in fact, to be disestablished, as a lesser evil than the kind of establishment which has of late been all that was within their reach. Instead of denouncing as impious the doctrine that the Government had better leave each Church free to manage its own affairs after its own fashion, they have welcomed it as a new charter.

The Government of Geneva during the time that M. CARTERET has controlled it is mainly responsible for this change of front. Ordinarily speaking, the Roman Catholic Church has regarded disestablishment as involving simply the alienation of ecclesiastical revenues from ecclesiastical purposes. M. CARTERET showed them that it might also mean the appropriation of the ecclesiastical revenues to the use of a rival Church. A law was passed enacting that the Catholic inhabitants of each parish in the canton should elect their own parish priest. The Catholic inhabitants naturally declined to avail themselves of a privilege the exercise of which would virtually have excommunicated them. The Government retaliated by refusing to recognize any parish priests except such as could prove their title by election. A minority of nominal Catholics could always be found ready to record their votes for the candidate provided by the Government, and as no votes could be given on the other side, the result of the election was assured beforehand. The Government then turned the Catholic clergy out of their churches and parsonages, and installed the Liberal curés in their room. The main difficulty was to find priests to accept the vacancies thus forcibly created; but this was got over partly by waiving the obligation of celibacy, and partly by making no inquiries as to the antecedents of the candidates who came forward. The usual refuge of a priest who has quarrelled with his superiors is supposed to be the box of a Paris cab. A parish in Geneva now became a convenient alternative. Occasionally these interesting strangers turned out to have quarrelled with the civil as well as with the ecclesiastical authorities, and, according to the Geneva Correspondent of the *Times*, one of them was arrested in his own church as an escaped convict. It is creditable to M. LOYSON's independence that, though he held one of these cures for some time, he resigned on the ground that under M. CARTERET's rule there was neither religion in the Church nor freedom in the State. The Government was not satisfied with setting up an established Church of its own devising. In its paternal care for the scanty flocks gathered together under these shepherds by the grace of popular election, it determined to spare them so far as it could the pain of seeing larger congregations attending a rival worship. When the Catholics, being excluded from the churches, built new ones for themselves, they found their liberty interfered with by a law forbidding priests of foreign origin to exercise their functions in the canton without leave from the Government. In a district bordering so closely on France there were naturally many foreign priests, and as permission was refused as a matter of course, M. CARTERET could feel that, if he was unable entirely to proscribe Catholic worship, he had at all events given Catholic worshippers a great deal of trouble.

But these achievements only satisfied a part of M. CARTERET's ecclesiastical ambition. He measured himself not only with the religious orders, but with the principle of religious association. In this he showed at any rate a truer appreciation of what a struggle with the Roman Catholic Church really means than is usually shown by those who urge Governments and Legislatures to enter into it with a light heart. Ordinarily it is assumed that, if a Parliament can but be brought to pass a law dissolving existing religious orders and forbidding the creation of any new ones, the work is done. The nests are down and the birds must take flight or starve. The weakness of this theory is that it mistakes the accidents of religious orders for their essence. It is not large possessions, stately buildings, or a distinctive habit that make religious orders great. These things come to them after they have grown to be great; they are the tribute of an admiration which has been excited by something which they possessed antecedently to their coming. What makes a religious order is its rule of life, and the influence which that rule of life exerts first on those who submit themselves to it, next on those who watch its effects. This rule of life may in most cases be practised with occasional modifications under circumstances which have nothing in common with those for which it was originally devised. Who is to prevent half-a-dozen men or women from living in the same house, saying the same prayers, denying themselves the same indulgences, supporting themselves on the same scanty food, contenting themselves with the same scanty sleep at night, and spending the day in the same charitable works? Most anti-Catholic legislators have either ignored this difficulty alto-



gether, or felt that it was insurmountable. M. CARTERET was more clear-sighted and more sanguine. He obtained the issue of an edict "forbidding private individuals living in their own houses to join themselves together with a religious object and under a common rule of life" without the permission of the authorities. Apparently M. CARTERET's reign was too short to allow of this interesting experiment being properly tried. It will never be known, perhaps, how he proposed to distinguish a common rule from the rule naturally followed by people living in common. To eat the same food at the same hour is part of a common rule of life, but it is scrupulously adhered to by persons who live *en pension* at hotels. To get up and go to bed at the same hours is part of a common rule of life, but the children in every well-regulated family have to observe it; and, if the master of the house chose to make it a condition of any one's being his guest, how could M. CARTERET prevent it? Probably he hoped that the words "with a religious object" would have kept the Government out of trouble, and that no one whose common rule was not of this character would be interfered with. It is plain, however, that in making this calculation he would have put too much faith in the intelligence of the Genevan police. The wearing of ecclesiastical garments in public was forbidden by another law, but on the only occasion on which it was put in force the magistrate was unable to pronounce whether it was a soutane or an Inverness cape, and the experts whom he called in either were, or professed to be, unable to help him to a decision. Supposing that, besides having to decide the nature of the particular garment, the magistrate had had to decide whether the particular garment, be it soutane or cape, had been worn with a religious object, it is safe to say that the difficulty of coming to a conclusion would have been increased, not diminished. In the case of persons charged with the offence of living in common with a religious object, how would the presence of the obnoxious motive have been proved? In the nature of things there seems to be no means of distinguishing accurately those who deny themselves luxurious or soft beds with a religious object, from those who abstain from these things because it suits their health. If M. CARTERET had been in power long enough, he might have trained up a body of detectives for whose ingenuity even this trial would not have been too great, but for the present even his admirers may admit that his ambition ran a serious risk of overleaping itself.

Geneva, under M. CARTERET, was only an object of feeble imitation to the politicians who managed the affairs of the Confederation. But they copied him so far as circumstances permitted, and it was to be expected that the wave of reaction which has proved so fatal to the model should not have allowed the copyist to escape. The anti-Catholic party has been defeated throughout Switzerland, and even if M. CARTERET had been one of those Jesuits of the short robe who play so formidable a part in the *Wandering Jew*, he would probably have found the tide too strong for him. The Swiss Catholics appear to have acted with very great prudence. Occasionally at Geneva they came in contact with the authorities, but, on the whole, the time of their persecution was a time of obedience and submission, the deserved fruits of which have now been gathered in.

#### GOLD IN INDIA.

IN the course of last week a telegram from Bombay announced a discovery in the Madras Presidency which, if it be not exaggerated, may possibly be destined to affect very profoundly the future of India, and even to exert an influence upon the economical development of Europe. It appears that Sir A. CLARKE, who was employed as adviser to the Government of Victoria in the construction of public works and coast defences before he was appointed Public Works Member of the Indian Viceroyal Council, on visiting the district of Wynaad in February last was led by his Australian experience to infer that it is auriferous. With the sanction of the VICEROY, he consequently invited an eminent mining engineer from Victoria to make explorations; and the latter has now reported that over an area of twenty-five miles long by thirteen broad he has found ninety outcrops of ore, varying in thickness from two to four feet. The disappointing nature

of mining adventures all the world over is notorious, and not less so is the little dependence that can be placed even upon the most careful estimates of the most conscientious experts. It is of the essence of a "prospector" to be sanguine. We are not prepared, therefore, to put very much faith in the calculations of Mr. BROUGH SMYTH, the engineer in question, of the amount of gold contained in the quartz reefs which he examined. Actual working alone can determine how far those calculations are correct. In the meantime, however, we may accept as established the fact that gold does exist throughout an area of three hundred and twenty-five square miles. And the probability is that it may be found possible to extract it with profit. Labour everywhere in India is abundant, cheap, and docile. English rule ensures security to capital, if it can be invested remuneratively. And as the climate is stated to be healthy for Europeans for nine months of the year, there need be no lack of skilled superintendence or mining experience. The conditions, therefore, are favourable to working, provided the ore is not scattered too sparsely through the quartz. And, if the yield proves large, the results can hardly fail to be far-reaching and important.

The great want of India is variety of industrial occupation. Speaking broadly, we may say that the population is dependent for subsistence upon the soil, and the evils produced by an analogous state of things in Ireland a generation ago are there magnified and intensified in proportion to the vastness of the region over which they prevail. The introduction of new cultivable products, the growth of manufactures, the improvement of the means of communication, and the large public works expenditure have somewhat mitigated the struggle for existence. Yet, in spite of all counteracting causes, the destitution of the great mass of the people is so extreme that the failure of the usual rains for a single season is followed by an appalling famine. The only effectual remedy is the establishment of new forms of industry on a scale large enough to raise the rate of wages generally, and to render a considerable proportion of the population independent of agriculture for a livelihood. If the gold discovery now reported is such as Mr. BROUGH SMYTH has described it to be, it will help very powerfully to create a new industry. A rush to the diggings is hardly likely, for Indian peasants do not change their modes and habits of life with the facility of Europeans. Nor does the brief telegraphic description of the gold-field convey the impression that the ore can be obtained in paying quantities by merely scratching the surface, as was the case at first in California and Australia. However that may be, a rush would be very undesirable for the sake of every interest concerned. What is desirable is that the working should be taken in hand by capitalists. Assuming that it is conducted on a large scale, it would tend to raise wages by attracting labourers, a result to be welcomed on every account. And at the same time it would increase the ability of India to purchase European goods. The metal would be exported to Europe—the greater part of it, at any rate—and would be here exchanged for cotton and other commodities in demand in India. The economic effect would be to enhance India's purchasing power in Europe by the amount of the gold exported hither. From this point of view it would be just as if the quantity of wheat, cotton, and jute grown in India and sold here was augmented in the proportion of the gold exported. The effect in an old country like India would be much more beneficial than in new ones, such as California and Australia. No doubt the mines attracted immigration to these latter, but they also diverted labour from more necessary and profitable pursuits. After a while this was partially rectified, and now the cultivation of wheat in California and the growing of wool in Australia are much more important industries than gold-mining. In India there is a superabundance of labour, and every new employment for it is an unmixed good.

It is hotly disputed among political economists whether an increase in the production of gold is beneficial to the world or not. The negative was very ably maintained by the late Professor CAIRNES. He contended that, as money is not wealth, but only the machinery for distributing wealth, an augmentation of its volume is injurious. It wastes labour in multiplying counters for doing that which the old supply would do equally well. This argument overlooks the fact that gold is an article of commerce as well as a circulating medium, and that in the former character it is as much wealth as cotton or furs. A more

material oversight is, that it fails to recognize the influence of the imagination upon the business community. Whatever stimulates industry is conducive to prosperity, and an increased production of gold demonstrably stimulates industry. Let us assume, for the sake of illustration, that the Madras gold-field yields ten millions sterling a year, and that the whole amount is exported to England and laid out in the purchase of cotton, steel, and iron. The English manufacturers of these articles and their workpeople, receiving this additional employment, increase their purchases of American and Indian raw cotton and of English iron, and they also augment their expenditure on their ordinary comforts and luxuries. The tradespeople with whom they deal drive a better trade, and enlarge their own outlay. And so the effect is transmitted from industry to industry, and from country to country. India itself, in the case we suppose, would benefit, not only directly in the way explained above, but also indirectly by the increased purchase of her cotton, her tea, and other commodities consumed in England. And the new prosperity of the cotton and tea growers would be passed on to those with whom they deal. The greatest advantage undoubtedly would accrue to the gold-producing country, since it would acquire a new command over the industry of other countries. Next to it, the countries with which it trades directly—in the instance before us the United Kingdom more particularly—would benefit most largely. The backward countries last reached by the wave of increased industry would share least in the advantage.

Another important point to be borne in mind is that the vastly augmented trade of the world now requires an immensely enlarged metallic currency. In the thirty years that have elapsed since the discovery of the Californian mines there has been an unprecedented growth of industry and expansion of commerce throughout the world. The opening up and settlement of the American and Australasian continents, the extension of railways and telegraphs, the general application of steam to navigation, the employment of machinery in manufactures, the development of travelling, have all multiplied human activity in all its forms, and have created a need for much more gold than formerly. Simultaneously there has been a very extensive substitution of gold for silver in the currencies of the more advanced nations. And gold has become the sole international money. Hence it has come to pass that, although in the thirty years more than 550 millions sterling of gold are estimated to have been extracted from the world's mines, there is felt an actual scarcity of the metal. The purchase of 70 millions by Germany for coinage has brought trouble into every money market in Europe. And the preparations of the United States at this moment for resumption are also causing perturbation. If France and the other countries of the Latin Union should now demonetize silver, the result, without an increased supply of gold, might be serious. Probably it would make financial crises frequent and acute; certainly it would tend to lower prices. All derangements of the value of the standard by which we measure values generally are mischievous; but a fall of prices is in many respects more injurious than a rise. It presses heavily on the producing classes. Farmers, for example, during the continuance of their leases are under contract to pay rents that were fixed when prices were high. When a fall occurs, they are no longer able to fulfil the contract, and to earn the profit upon which they counted when taking the leases. Manufacturers, again, have to pay the same interest upon borrowed capital whether prices are high or low, and, if a fall takes place, it trenches upon the margin of profit. They recoup themselves by reducing wages, and disputes, strikes, and bad blood are the result. The taxes and the rates likewise become in reality heavier when prices fall. And the charge for debt, public as well as private, is greatly enhanced. Persons in receipt of fixed incomes—annuitants, civil servants, and the clergy—benefit, but none others. Thus a fall in prices, or, what is the same thing, scarcity and dearness of gold, is injurious to industry. The great gold discoveries in California and Australia undoubtedly contributed as powerfully as any other causes to the extraordinary prosperity of the generation that is now drawing to a close. In the same way the working of the mines of Mexico and Peru in the sixteenth century promoted the outburst of commercial activity then witnessed. Of late years the production both of Australia and California has been falling off. Should the Madras mines have any considerable effect in making up the deficiency, they would

prevent the apprehended scarcity, and hinder the lowering of prices which would ensue. It is extremely improbable that the production will be large enough to cause a depreciation of gold. The generally received estimate is that the discovery of the Californian and Australian mines trebled the annual output of gold for some years, yet no sensible depreciation occurred, and already a scarcity was beginning to be apprehended. It is very unlikely that the yield of the Indian mines will be on the same scale. But possibly it may perpetuate the depreciation of silver. If the fear of a scarcity of gold were removed, the disposition to adopt that metal as the sole standard of value might be uncontrollable; in which case, silver, demonetized throughout Europe, would hardly recover its former level. This, however, is a speculation which we need not now pursue. The generally beneficial tendency of a considerable gold production in India is in any event beyond a doubt.

#### NOXIOUS VAPOURS.

THE case against noxious vapours has been admirably stated by Lord DERBY, as spokesman of a deputation representing various interests and places which are injured by the modern development of chemical industries. Lord DERBY's characteristic virtues saved him from any temptation to overstate his case. He is not likely either to exaggerate the harm done or to underestimate the importance of the manufactures which do the harm. He began his statement by a reconciliation of the conflicting theories that the offending processes have been improved, and that the annoyance given is as great as ever. It is true that the Alkali Acts have done something to abate the nuisance complained of. If they had not been passed, the condition of Lancashire would have been a great deal worse than it is now. But the creation of new nuisances has counterbalanced this gain. The vapours are not quite so noxious as they were fifteen years ago, but there are a great many more of them. "On the whole," says Lord DERBY, "the one circumstance is balanced by the other. I do not know, therefore, that the nuisance is less. I should be inclined to say that it is, on the whole, greater than it was fifteen years ago." Anyhow, whether it is greater or less than at some time in the past, it is bad enough to call for an immediate remedy. It may be conceded, by way of precaution, that these vapours are not immediately dangerous to life. Human beings can breathe them without encountering any worse consequences than nausea and depression. But to be visited with nausea and depression whenever the wind sets in a particular direction is in itself a very serious annoyance. The inhabitants of large districts in Lancashire are in the position of a man who has swallowed arsenic in a quantity insufficient to kill. He has all the symptoms of being poisoned, only he has them in so mild a form that he feels the discomfort more than the danger. This is not a condition in which it seems fair that one part of the community should be kept for the benefit of another part. Vegetation is usually more sensitive to mischief of this sort than human beings. In the neighbourhood of St. Helen's, for example, trees, hedges, and flowers alike show how destructive has been the treatment to which they have been subjected. A large proportion of the persons suffering from this cause belong to the class in which Governments and members of Parliament are continually professing the utmost interest. The poor are to be taught to live decent and healthy lives, and to have all manner of civilizing influences multiplied for their benefit. Yet, in the teeth of these professions, we force them to live in circumstances which, as Lord DERBY says, do not allow a man to grow a flower in his garden or keep a foul stench out of his house. In many cases the victims have got acclimatized to both conditions. They have ceased to care for flowers or to dislike stinks. But is this a kind of change which it is expedient to see effected? Is it likely that men and women from whom we withhold so rudimentary a luxury as air in which plants can live will be in other respects all that we could wish them to be?

The proposals made by Lord DERBY covered most of the ground taken in the Report of the Royal Commission. The first necessity is the establishment of some collective liability on the part of those who create these nuisances.



As the law stands, if a man's land is wasted by vapours sent forth by a dozen chemical works, he has practically no remedy. Even though he may be perfectly aware which chimney did the mischief, he will be powerless against the contention that it is a neighbour's chimney that is in fault. The second suggestion is that when nuisances similar to, but not absolutely identical with, nuisances already in existence, are created, it shall not be necessary to pass a new Act of Parliament before they can be placed under proper inspection. The law which deals with noxious vapours should be made comprehensive enough and elastic enough to deal with newly-revealed vapours as well as with those which were known when the Act was passed. The third proposal is that local sanitary authorities should have power, with the consent of the Local Government Board, to prosecute offenders against the Noxious Vapour Acts. The fourth is that no new works should be erected, and no existing works enlarged, without a licence from the Local Government Board. The last proposal is implied in the complaint that the existing system of inspection does not secure that constant supervision which is essential to the good working of the law. Lord DERBY was careful to disclaim anything like indifference to increase of expenditure. He does not propose that the whole burden should be borne by the Imperial Treasury. He thinks that the county or counties in which the nuisance exists should contribute a part of the outlay required for its abatement. Besides going on the fair plan that those who are benefited by an outlay should as a rule find the money to be laid out, this proposal has the further advantage that it would tend to make inspection more vigilant. If the neighbourhoods of St. Helen's and Widnes were specially rated to maintain a system of inspection, they would not be inclined to let the inspectors do their work carelessly.

Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH did not attempt to deny any of Lord DERBY's statements. He confined himself to suggesting that all the mischief done in the districts referred to by the deputation may not be done by chemical vapours. Much of it may be traced, he thinks, to the mechanical action of smoke; and he justly says that it would be difficult to persuade the owners of chemical works to submit to very severe restrictions, unless similar precautions were taken against smoke nuisances. Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH is apparently satisfied with the state of the law on this subject. It is the omission to apply it to individual cases that is at fault. Coming to the proposals actually put forward by Lord DERBY, Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH pointed out that there were many grave objections to the principle of local inspection, and raised the question whether local authorities would submit to pay inspectors over whom they would have no control. Apparently this is the difficulty which most interferes with the preparation of a really satisfactory Bill. The Government are not prepared to establish merely local inspection; and, considering the immense influence which the authors of the nuisances may be expected to exercise upon the local authorities, the Government are probably right. Nothing can be gained by going to the cost and trouble of setting up a system of inspection, only to find out that as soon as it is set up it becomes a dead letter. Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH gave a promise, which there is no fear but that he will fulfil, that he would do all he could to awaken the Government to a sense of their duty in respect of noxious vapours. If they listen to him, they will "undertake measures which shall at all events be a substantial step in advance upon previous legislation." We confess that this hardly seems a sufficient promise. The nature of the evil is known, and the direction in which the remedy must be looked for is known; and with these data given there is nothing to be gained by a further instalment of half measures. This is especially true as regards the licence which it is proposed to require in the case of new works. Even Lord DERBY disclaimed all desire to prohibit the establishment of new works, and declared that he should be content if, in the case of new works, proper security were taken that the annoyance to be given by the proposed works should be minimized by the adoption of the best known methods of preventing the nuisance. Where works already exist this may be a proper compromise; but we fail to see why a manufacturer should have a right, denied to all other persons, of picking out any part of the country that he may happen to like for the purpose of creating a new nuisance. Such an act inflicts far greater inconvenience on the people who suffer by it

than any mere maintenance of existing works. In the latter case the inhabitants are to a certain extent acclimatized to the vapours; those who suffer most from them have gradually withdrawn themselves to a distance, while those who remain have probably a direct, though it may be humble, interest in keeping the works open. In the former case there are none of these redeeming circumstances. The population has not been drawn together in consequence of the nuisance; on the contrary, it will probably be scattered and changed in character by the nuisance. This fact gives it, in our judgment, a distinct and specific claim to Government protection.

#### DULL PEOPLE.

A CELEBRATED essayist once observed that the monotonous sound of a sledge-hammer impressed him with a sense of the sublime. We fear that the too often monotonous sound of the human tongue but rarely awakens a similar emotion. To our mind there is no monotony so depressing as the ceaseless talk of a dull, but voluble, person. Unlike the monotony of the hammer, that of the tongue would be more suitably treated in an essay on the Dull and Doleful than in one on the Sublime and Beautiful. At the same time it must not be forgotten that these terms may sometimes be convertible. In imagining a state of perfect felicity idealists are too apt to consider sublimity and beauty only, forgetting how dull life would be in the absence of the grotesque. Epicures, in looking forward to their hours of supreme happiness, probably think little about the salt, but they would not enjoy their dinners much without it; and æsthetic idealists might be little less miserable in the entire absence of so important a mental condiment as the grotesque. Unfortunately the presence of the grotesque does not always insure immunity from dullness, a superabundance of the ridiculous being often a fertile source of dreariness. Although it may be comparatively easy to describe the qualities which in due combination preclude dullness, it is most difficult to adjust their true proportions. Injudiciously balanced, these very qualities have the contrary effect. For instance, although we may say that the humorous and the grotesque are preventives of dullness, many funny men are very dull, while some who are never funny are never dull.

Difficult as is the analysis of the causes of dullness, instances of it are easy enough to find. Those interesting specimens of the species, the dull chatterbox and the dull mute, at once occur to the mind. Of the former, as seen in his public capacity, it is unnecessary to quote instances when we have such a standing example as the Social Science Congress; we therefore propose to notice him in private spheres only. What is so dreary as a steady and unceasing flow of commonplace? When the matter is original it is bad enough; but it is worse still when it consists of newspaper cramming. The conversation of some people reminds one of a written sermon which has been learned by heart for quasi-extempore delivery. We keenly resent hearing the "Summary of Events" and the gossiping paragraphs of the newspapers passed off as original conversation; and we abhor the creature who perpetually tells us what he "sees" in the daily journals. "I see," he says, "that Mr. Gladstone, &c., &c." or "I see that the Afghans, &c., &c." Would that he could be induced to content himself literally with seeing these things instead of retailing news at great length which we read hours ago in the morning papers. Little less dull are the men or women whose speciality of conversation consists in genealogy. If we venture to mention a man's name, they tell us who his mother was, and how he is related to somebody else, and they are always ready to enter into an argument as to whether two given people are relations or connexions only. About as lively are those whose talk is parochial, and who dwell with fervour on such amusing subjects as Mothers' Meetings, Boards of Guardians, and the all-important question whether the rector or the curate will be most likely to preach on Sunday. But worse still is the confirmed teller of dull stories, who is too often a storyteller also—the wretch who has a ready anecdote with which to cap every observation that reaches his ears. It would be hard to say whether such as these are duller than those who make interrogatives the staple of their conversation. Admirable as a thirst for information undoubtedly is, human patience cannot bear an indefinite amount of cross-examination, especially when it suspects that the questions are merely put for the sake of finding something to say. But most worrying of all are those who are constantly bringing in some pet word or expression, with or without an intelligible meaning. How singularly offensive is the habitual recurrence of the phrase "I what you call did this," and "they what you call did that"; and how obnoxious are those who end ninety-nine out of every hundred sentences with "you know." Equally dreary and irritating is the repetition of some terse reply, such as "really," "exactly," or "just so." We once had an acquaintance who nearly drove us to distraction in a three days' visit by replying to all remarks, "You think so?"

On the whole, we prefer the dull mute to those whom we have been describing. Still he is a terrible infliction, and acts as a social wet blanket wherever he goes. If he were not rich, we do not think that he would often be urged to leave his home. People of this sort have frequently a deceptive manner of smiling, which at first sight is sufficiently pleasing. This is perhaps more common in women than in men. It is very charming to be met

with an agreeable smile, but the charm decreases when the smile follows every remark that is made with the regularity of a patent machine. But even this is better than the beautiful statue-like face, devoid of any expression, which belongs to many a dullard. The expressionless dull person has generally acquired a reputation of being "an excellent fellow at heart," or a woman of beauty or sense; and he or she has to be endured accordingly, but only under protest. It is hard to say whether the males or the females of this genus are the more objectionable. The latter do nothing but sit still to be admired; the former stand about a room here and there, being too abandoned even to seek that sanctuary of the silent, the hearthrug. Neither of them has a word to say, and each looks bored by the conversation of others. They seem only to exist as monuments of ennui.

We have often noticed that there are people, passably agreeable in a general way, who make very dull hosts and hostesses. This may partly be accounted for by the fact that their minds are too much absorbed in domestic arrangements for the comfort of their guests. It is difficult to think of two things at once, and when a man is meditating a scolding for his butler on account of the dullness of the lamps or the coldness of the claret, he is likely enough to talk in an abstracted manner to his visitors. Again, a hostess is dull whose mind and eyes are fixed during the whole of dinner upon the food and the footmen; and the lady of the house is often the dullest partner in a ball-room. An exceedingly stupid companion also is the hostess who devotes her whole attention to one of her guests. Do or say what they may, none but the lion can excite her interest. After telling her an elaborate story to which we imagined she paid some sort of attention, it is chilling to observe her suddenly turning to her neighbours on the opposite side of the table, in whose conversation she so readily joins as to make it obvious that she has been all the time listening to them, while looking at us. But if hostesses are the dullest in the dining-room, hosts are the dullest out of it. There are owners of country houses who, when they have invited friends to stay with them, look bored from the moment of their arrival to that of their departure. The principal occupation of such hosts consists in poking the fire and warming the hinder parts of their garments, and their thoughts are centred upon the arrivals and departures of certain trains, and the behaviour (often eccentric) of their private gasometers. "It was my wife's doing, not mine, to invite all these people," is unmistakably written on their countenances, and the most amiable expression they wear is one of patient martyrdom. Such being their feelings, it cannot be a matter of great surprise if they are not the most amusing of companions. And yet while the objects of their hospitality may be criticizing them in some such manner as we have done, it is far from unlikely that they, in their turn, may be contemplating the amazing dullness of their guests. Why, they may soliloquize, does that famous traveller, who has seen so much of men and manners, sit unoccupied and speechless? Why does that most jovial and intimate friend arrive wearing a stiff "company-face"? Why does the "amusing man" obstinately refuse either to amuse or be amused? Why has nature made the first cousin so deaf, and why are all the dull people even duller and more prosy than usual? There is no place where a dull person is so oppressive as in a country house. Wandering moodily from room to room, he looks deeply dejected. He spends much of his time in reading, but keeps the information thus acquired to himself. Nursing the last new novel and the day's *Times* with great affection, he effectually prevents others from reading them. He encamps by himself on distant chairs, and looks daggers at callers or new arrivals. The dullest guests rarely retire to their own rooms except to dress or sleep, and their entertainers almost wish that some moderate ailment would suggest to them the expediency of an occasional rest on their beds. But who shall describe the dullness of guests who are shy, who admire everything, or who, worst of all, are in love? Match-making may be an interesting pursuit, and it may be gratifying to reflect that an auspicious matrimonial engagement is being contracted under one's roof; but, after considerable experience, we venture to say that of all dull guests those who are in love are the dullest. It is devoutly to be wished that dullness always ceased with the honeymoon; but this unfortunately is not the case, for the earth is overpeopled with dull couples. So infectious is dullness that an amusing person generally succumbs to it after marrying a dullard, and we grieve to say that dull parents usually transmit their disease to their offspring.

Very dull in general society are certain literary men. The habit of concentrating the mind on one subject for a length of time is not conducive to brilliant small talk. But people are often astonished when a writer who has held his tongue for hours, if not days, suddenly bursts into a flow of interesting conversation, and they say "how agreeable he can be when he likes." They are entirely wrong. His usual dullness does not proceed from a desire to be dull, but from inability to be amusing, and his occasional flashes of brilliant conversation do not come to his call at pleasure, but only when some subject is introduced with which he happens to be specially conversant, and then under peculiarly favourable circumstances. His hearers are equally in error if they attribute his occasional collapses, when his flow of language is interrupted, to a selfish desire "to have all the talk to himself." The fact is that he is so accustomed to deliver himself of his opinions on paper in the well-fortified seclusion of his own den, without fear of summary contradiction, that he is thrown altogether out of gear when any of his ideas are suddenly called in question.

Without doubt, a great deal of dullness owes its origin to ill-

health. People with languid circulations are seldom vivacious or amusing, and it is hard to be bright and lively when suffering pain; but indigestion, on the other hand, often makes its victims amusingly ill-natured and uncharitable. Of the vices, selfishness is productive of dullness; but malice, slander, and false witness, with all their heinousness, often afford entertainment to listeners. Those who invariably shun dull people make a great mistake, for dullards are often very trustworthy and true friends, while they are not unusually well informed on certain topics. If amusing people are the most popular, dull ones are often the best beloved. Mephistopheles was an entertaining companion, and amusing men are too fond of asking their friends to back their bills. The associates of either have had cause before this for regretting that they had made dullness the great bugbear of their lives.

#### FARMERS AND FOXES.

MR. SUMMERHAYES is a village Hampden whom the squires (or petty tyrants) of the Vale of Taunton cannot be expected to admire. He is the hero of the small farmers who do not hunt and of political economists who hate the noble sport, and who, for all we know, may be anxious to make him an honorary member of the Cobden Club. There are points in Mr. Summerhayes's conduct which the frivolous may disapprove; but at all events he must be allowed the praise due to courage displayed in a very unpopular cause. He is the son of a small farmer, and "looks after the farm for his father, who is afflicted." On November 2, 1877, he was at work in the "Nineteen Acres field," and he spied some sportsmen riding towards the hedge, ditch, and bank which surround that enclosure. As men do not seek out a hedge, ditch, and fence out of mere gaiety of heart, it is to be presumed that they were, in fact, "in fresh pursuit of a fox." To hunting men in general, and to the members of the Vale of Taunton hunt in particular, the knowledge that they are in fresh pursuit of a fox justifies everything. Even conservatories have been invaded, foxes have been run into among the laurels and hollies of parsonages, and there seems nothing peculiarly sacred in a nineteen acres field. Summerhayes did not see the matter in the same light. He warned the men off his field, and went so far as to arm himself with stones by way of artillery.

Little seems to have been said by Lord Coleridge or Mr. Justice Mellor, who heard the complaint of the people whom Summerhayes threatened to stone, about this part of the business. This is rather unfortunate, as it was the chief cause of the squabble, and of one or two law suits. If Summerhayes had not threatened to pelt his opponents, probably they, or one of them, would not have beaten him, and therefore would not have been convicted of assault by the magistrates who first heard the case. Surely a farmer who picks up flints does something towards provoking an assault, and has no reason to be surprised if an assault is provoked. The much-tried farmers in the neighbourhood of Oxford have been known to charge the undergraduate cavalry with the pitchfork, and the law has frowned on this use of the weapon. As far as the mere assault goes, there seems little moral difference between the farmer and the hunting men. The legal difference, as the magistrates properly decided, was considerable, and the persons whom Summerhayes resisted in the field have again been defeated by him in the courts of law.

The weakness of the case set up for the "pursuers"—as in Scotch law they would be doubly entitled to be called—was obvious from the nature of their argument. Their counsel averred that "the chief point in the case, and the one of more public interest, was the question whether the chase of the fox was not a lawful justification for entering upon any land—at all events in the winter." He pointed out that "it was in December, when there were no crops on the ground." The dispute, in point of fact, occurred in November, but there were, probably, no crops on the ground. As to the crops, few people are found to agree with the famous Head of a House, who wished that men would hunt in the long vacation. No one would argue that the pursuit of the fox justified charging through fields already white to harvest. Yet, on the showing of counsel, this spoiling of ripe corn would be quite justifiable. The fox, he said, quoting an Elizabethan authority, is "a noisome beast, so that his destruction is beneficial to the public." If so, the better the scene the better the deed, and vermin like the fox must be put to death, in the public interest, whenever and wherever it is possible to compass their doom, in June or in December. Yet, according to an even older authority than "Popham's Reports," the Philistines themselves took it ill when Samson made sportive arrangements for burning foxes tails, just before harvest-time. We may presume that even an Elizabethan farmer would rather have allowed the fox to steal his chickens with impunity than permit the people of the parish to chey it through his standing corn. Thus the question of crops may be set aside, and it has to be asked whether the fox is still considered a noisome beast, and whether his death, however brought about, is looked on as a public benefit. If he is not an unpopular animal, and if he is sedulously cared for, of course the circumstances which justified his pursuit in the seventeenth century justify it no longer in the nineteenth. Lord Coleridge easily proved that the fox is not thought a public nuisance, unless, indeed, fathers also are public nuisances. "The old saying in a sporting country was that a man who would kill a fox was as bad as a man who had murdered his father." The old



saying annihilates and reverses the report and opinion of the benighted Popham. In Popham's time, a man who killed a fox was revered as, in even more remote days, was the man who killed a tyrant. He was "clapped on the shoulder and called Adam," even if he was not crowned with laurel, parsley, and other herbs. In our days the vulpecide has become a parricide. He is not sent to sea in a sack, in company with a cock, a cat, and a serpent, merely because our law no longer recognises that penalty. To Coventry he is sent. It might almost be argued that the customary right of entry on other men's lands in fresh pursuit of the fox is reversed by the vast change in public opinion. The fox was a malefactor, *caput lupinum*; every man's hand was against him. He is now a kind of *totem*, or sacred animal. He is slain after proper ceremonies have been observed, and sportsmen almost feel inclined to apologize to him when they have done him to death, as the Finns and Ostiaks beg pardon of "the bear, the honey-footed bear," when they have been reduced to the painful necessity of shooting him. The fox, in short, was destroyed because he was mischievous, and now he is preserved because he affords sport. He is pursued under conditions thoroughly artificial. Popham and the Elizabethan farmers would have been puzzled indeed by the conduct of some North-country worthies whose pleasing experience was communicated to us last winter. Fox-hunting, properly so called, is not much pursued north of the Frith of Tay. Even the blameless Hyperboreans of those parts, however, wished to show some sport on a certain occasion. "The fox," wrote our informant, "came by the 9.45 train, in a bag, and the hounds and most of the hunt followed by the 11.32. The hounds were only harriers, and when the fox was turned loose they never got near him, and he is thought now to be living near Nethercot Mains. No one could ride by the fields, on account of the wire fences, so they went round by the roads." This is perhaps the most remarkable example of a truly artificial sport on record. Whether we consider the introduction of the fox into a fox-less land, or the civilized mode of his conveyance, by the 9.45 train, or the similar arrival of the gallant sportsmen, or the ingenious attempt to make harriers do a double duty, or the discomfiture caused by the wire fences, we are equally impressed with the humorous and inadequate character of the entertainment. Counsel could scarcely argue that the Hyperborean harriers might invade fields, *quo nulla priorum vestigia*, because in Popham's time people were glad to murder a fox when and where they could.

Lord Ellenborough said, when the Earl of Essex sued the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Capel for hunting in Cassiobury Park, that "the jurors are required to say on their oaths that they believe these gentlemen hunted the fox for the sake of the public." Lord Ellenborough thought this absurd, but the defence of the rights of fox-hunters rests on the apparent absurdity. Fox-hunting is still defended as a pastime that makes for the public good, though not in the old way. The defence is a perfectly fair and sound one. There is not the least doubt in the world that English life is made more manly and enjoyable, that people in general lead happier lives, that society is more held together by a common interest in hunting districts than in districts where people do not hunt, or where game is jealously preserved to the prejudice of the nobler form of sport. Sacrifices are made, of course, both by farmers and by landlords, but they are sacrifices which are promptly and readily compensated for. According to what is called the "economic" view of life, a cart load of turnips, more or less, outweighs any amount of healthy amusement and friendly feeling. By the same theory, people are not any longer to be allowed to drive through country roads between hedges hung with clematis or wild roses, because these retreats are reserved for the hideous traction-machine. Horses are to be scared, and lives risked, and the country made hideous with smells and noises, that the straw may be thrashed out a little quicker, or grain conveyed from one place to another at a more trifling cost. If we are to swallow the economic formula and renounce every natural and simple pleasure in order that some squire or farmer may have a rather larger balance at his bankers, then fox-hunting is a public calamity. The Cobden Club may calculate the amount of property that is damaged every year in the wasteful pursuit of a noisome beast. Fences must be wired, and hounds poisoned, and whole districts must be annoyed by feuds between the economic and the old-fashioned inhabitants. There is not much reason, however, to dread the immediate success of this theory. Economic doctrines are not any longer the infallible laws of human life which they once threatened to become. It is pretty generally recognized that the end of life is not merely to increase what is called "the wealth of the country." Lord Coleridge observed that "in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and possibly in a far larger proportion of cases, these questions do not arise, because fox-hunting is pursued in a reasonable spirit, and persons do not pursue it over the lands of others against their will, and without compensation." Occupiers of land who now do their best to make hunting dangerous, and even deadly, by the murderous device of wire fences, might pause, and ask themselves what is their purpose, and to what end do their practices tend? Probably they may be divided into three classes. There may be the economical theorist, who is confirmed in his conduct as long as he holds that the generalizations of his science are the rules of life and private conduct. There is the merely surly and unneighbourly person, who is in the worst case of all. Argument is wasted on him; he prefers to be on bad terms with his neighbours, and takes pleasure in the discomfort of himself and every one round him. Lastly, there is the small farmer, who is, or may be, a real sufferer in the

interests of the amusement of richer people. In times so bad for farmers as the present his opposition is natural and pardonable, and no one can honestly pretend to be indignant at his apparent surliness. He deserves consideration as well as the fullest compensation, and he even merits the praise due to a man who faces public opinion in what he thinks, and rightly enough thinks, to be the cause of justice. It ought to be easy for rich and educated men to show to poor and uneducated men the example of generosity and considerate dealing. This is the only mode by which fox-hunting can be permanently established, among all economic changes, as a sport not too ridiculously artificial. When it becomes as exotic and unnatural as in the Caledonian instance we have quoted, rich sportsmen will have to go to Canada, or the hills of India, and people at large will have to do without this manly pleasure. Those times, we may trust, are far distant in the new millennium.

#### THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S PASTORAL.

ALL through the dreary session of 1874 we were striving to fill to the best of our ability the thankless post of the candid friends of our brethren in adversity, the English Bishops. The weariness of spirit which oppressed us during the progress of the Public Worship Bill could only have been equalled by the mortification to which Archbishops and Bishops had subjected themselves when they saw their pet measure of fidgety oppression derided, and hustled out of sight by a burly, boisterous counterfeited absolutely destitute of any identity except the barren one of name with the original measure, and owning as parent no Primate and Metropolitan, but that far loftier dignity, the Earl of Shaftesbury. With all the fundamental differences, however, which set a deep gulf between the earlier and the later project, we had to remind the discredited prelates and the perplexed public that a similarity of policy characterized both essays at law-making. Either draft of the Public Worship Bill meant one thing and said another. It professed to regulate procedure, and it meant, as Mr. Disraeli let out in a freakish outburst of exasperating sincerity, "to put down Ritualism"; or, in other words, to make the worst in preference to the best of a movement which, with all the faults imputable and imputed to it, was a clear accession to the Established Church of zeal capable in the hands of statesmen and of sympathetic overseers of being regulated by other methods than those of suspension and deprivation. We had occasionally to prophesy as well as to warn during those months of shifty vacillation, but we steadfastly resisted the temptation of menacing *pedo pena claudo*; and we are now reaping the reward of our literary aversion to hackneyed quotations, for in the case of the Public Worship Act retribution has come down upon its authors with the swoop of a bicycle. We may for once pass over the painful history of Lord Penance straying into Lambeth while groping for the road to London, only to be crushed, like Enceladus, under the bulk of the Queen's Bench Division, for the punishment which we have now to record is of a more exquisite character, inasmuch as mental suffering is more agonizing than material pain. The authors of the Act have been wounded in the house of their friends by one who was totally unconscious of the precision of his aim. The arm which has launched the bolt is that of the new Bishop of Rochester, a prelate distinctly selected for the Episcopate as a representative leader of the Low Church party.

Dr. Thorold, finding himself the "ninety-eighth Bishop" of Rochester, but first chief shepherd of the freshly distributed diocese comprising what is in area the largest part of London, with considerable sections of Kent and Surrey, has introduced himself to his new flock in a Pastoral in which he takes a comprehensive view of the respective situations, responsibilities and work of bishop and clergy; and in so doing he had, among other topics, to face the so-called Ritualistic difficulty, under conditions totally different from those under which it would have presented itself to a simple parish priest. His sense of duty, and the self-imposed exigencies of a deliverance such as he intended his Pastoral to be impelled him to look at the question all round, not only by the smoky flicker of the Public Worship Act, but in the full clear light of a Church of which he dared to remind his diocese that, "though Reformed, she is Catholic, and dates her birth not from Henry VIII., but from a pure mother in a far back time." It is not to be wondered at that when a man of sense and charity approaches the discussion with such convictions, the partisan disappears in the Christian pastor of souls, refusing to be "a mere machine, working his diocese with a metallic exactness"—the condition to which the Church Association is labouring to degrade every bishop who is weak enough to be scared at its braid.

I ask you [Dr. Thorold pleads] to be slow to accuse us of a change of front, or of levity of principle, because we mean to be fair all round, and refuse to try to govern the great Anglican Church as if she was but an obscure sect. Do not blame us for not using an authority which we do not happen to possess, or for declining to vindicate one law by breaking another, or for hesitating to lay a yoke on any particular section of the Church, which the other sections, while welcoming it for the discomfiture of their neighbours, would bitterly resent if it was laid upon themselves; or for not doing what perhaps we did long ago, but for obvious reasons did as quietly as possible; or for declining to interfere where interference would be useless, and bring authority into yet a worse contempt. No one will be surprised to hear that the Bishop of Rochester takes occasion to express his agreement with judgments of the Judicial Committee which not only professed Ritualists, but calm

students of history, such as Mr. James Parker, find perfectly indigestible; but this fact gives point to the declaration which he offers on the general question of Anglican worship:—

While there is indisputably a growing preference for musical services, and for a more elaborate ritual, and for grandiose architecture, and any amount of flowers, there is no solid reason for identifying it all with Romanism. They are but the phenomena of a high wave of ceremonialism, which has washed on the shores of Nonconformist communions quite as much as on our own, and probably affected them more. While indisputably sometimes accompanying a steady progress towards the Roman corruption, they are not necessarily symptomatic of it. This growing interest in the externals of religion, while it has its unspiritual and dangerous side, is in great measure owing to the influence of musical taste, to more artistic cultivation, to what goes by the name of æstheticism, and to our domestic and educational habits. To confound High Churchmen as a body with their extreme wing is a ludicrous injustice; and if half the church services in England were choral to-morrow, I should be as confident as I am now in the staunch loyalty of the great body of English Churchmen to the doctrines and principles of the Reformation.

The recommendation, on which the Bishop strongly dwells, of restoring St. Saviour's Church as the "Pro-Cathedral" of South-west further illustrates his appreciation of the place which external beauty and order hold in the Christian economy. We give his own explanation of the process by which he proposes to bring the churches which go beyond his measure of indulgence to that which he regards as the permissible high-level ritual of the Church:—

My individual method of personally and officially dealing with those of the clergy who feel conscientiously unable either to obey the courts of the realm or to accept the private monition of the Bishop, is that of isolation. These brethren of ours are outside the law, and it is their own act that has placed them there. Where I find them I leave them; and what they have made themselves, that I must recognize them to be. Consequently, I am compelled to decline either to confirm, or preach, or perform any official act in churches adopting an illegal Ritual, on the simple ground that, as one of the Church's rulers, I cannot even appear to condone, by my presence and ministrations, a distinct violation of the Church's order. Deeply as I regret the necessity of such a rule, I intend strictly to adhere to it. Though it of course implies to several important congregations, the loss, such as it is, of the aid and sympathy of their chief pastor, I cannot admit that congregations are more at liberty in this respect than individuals; and they have it in their own power, whenever they think proper, to summon their Bishop to their side.

We shall not waste our readers' time in pointing out how irreconcilably this policy differs from that of the Public Worship Act. The fact that, about four years after that measure passed, a bishop selected with *éclat* from the school for whose particular benefit the Act was placed upon the Statute Book, to preside over a diocese in which easy opportunities might have been anticipated for the action of its most penal machinery, should deliberately enunciate so unqualified a condemnation of its spirit as the rule of his "official" action, is the point to which we desire to draw attention. It amply justifies the estimate of the situation with which we began these remarks. A supercilious critic might observe that isolation was a weak way of dealing with a principal branch of what the Bishop himself calls "the present distress." We should rather contend that it is courageous on Dr. Thorold's part to declare, foreseeing, as he must have done, this comment, his determination to adhere to what he believes to be a wise, because unostentatious policy. To begin with, he takes particular pains to explain that he does not believe that the danger of advancing Romanism, the apprehension of which underlies the Ritualistic scare, is the chief item of the distress:—

First among the features of our present distress I put unbelief, because it is the first and the greatest. Who does not prefer even a grave superstition to a dismal atheism? Thomas Aquinas, at least, adores Jesus Christ. Comte, in what he calls Humanity, worships himself.

In this conjuncture he has the sagacity to perceive and the generosity to recognize that marked antagonism to Rome which, as a rule, characterizes the present generation of even the most "advanced" Ritualists, in contrast to the extreme High Churchmen of a few years back. This is a phenomenon which the most stupid and superficial reader could hardly fail to discover from the perusal of literature so easy to find and so cheap to buy as the *Church Times*, or Dr. Little's very powerful answer to the Abbé Martin in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*; yet we do not recollect that any other Bishop has had the wisdom (not to put the case on any higher footing) to make the acknowledgment. Yet it is obvious that nothing can be so likely to drive an excitable, low-spirited person into the beseeching embrace of Rome as the sense of injustice necessarily engendered by the conviction that his external acts of worship, inconsiderate and extreme as they may be, are scored against him as evidence of a proclivity to Popery; conscious as he all the while is that, in donning his cunningly-embroidered chasuble and waving his sweet-smelling censers, he is intentionally biting his thumb at Leo XIII.'s schismatic claims upon his obedience. In the next place, the Bishop of Rochester has clearly read to some practical purpose a certain text about wheat and tares. In the churches of whose ceremonial he most gravely disapproves he recognizes a Christian and Church work, marred as he may think by vicious excesses, and he refuses to stamp that work out by bringing upon person and congregation that complete ruin which is more or less certain to follow penal deprivation.

We cannot conclude without a few serious words to the ultra-Ritualists. They have done so much to teach the world both what their convictions are and how dear those convictions are to them, that we are entitled to ask them from their own standing-ground whether the time may not have come when, without

doing any wrong to their personal sense of the truth and legality of their opinions, they may consider whether some concordat cannot be reached as to the extent to which they are bound to make open exhibition of them. Is it impossible for some agreement to be reached, embodying permissive canons of worship acceptable by Ritualists as a proximate representation of their system, and within the competence of the Bishops to close with, consistently with a reasonable interpretation of the recent judgments which they are bound by Act of Parliament to respect? If such an arrangement could be attained, it would be simply vexatious to call upon either side to declare the reason of its acceptance. One side might mentally appeal to the Ornaments Rubric, the other to the body of recorded decisions. The treaty would simply recite facts, capable of being worked on either alternative. We leave the details of such an eirenicon to ecclesiastical experts. Standing as we do outside the seething battle, and able as we are from our vantage ground to see a little further ahead than the eyes of the combatants can descry through the smoke and dust of the fray, we fancy that we could perceive grounds of agreement, if only the antagonists can be induced to accept a genuine truce, and to approach the discussion in the spirit of wise charity which is so conspicuous through the pages of Bishop Thorold's Pastoral, and in no passage more conspicuously than where he says, "While careful to discourage innovations that smack of Romanism, be sure to see the difference between what is merely Anglican and what is more than Anglican, and do not play your enemy's game by confounding the two in an exaggeration that must damage yourselves. To try to check Ritualism by discouraging a bright and dignified service is the wisdom of a mother who, to prevent her boy from being a sailor, never lets him go near the sea."

#### MANNERS TO ORDER.

IF it be true that "manners makyth man," it is equally true that in all civilized ages there have been certain gifted men whose privilege it has been, if not to make manners in an absolute sense, at least to collect all existing knowledge concerning them, and to instruct their neighbours what to aim at and what to avoid in social intercourse with their fellow-men. To this favoured class belonged a certain Mr. Kidd, who flourished at a date to which we have no exact clue, but which can be guessed at from internal evidence. It was not only to the science of manners that he devoted his attention, for we find that it was said of him by the editor of the *Sun*:—"Mr. Kidd's multiplicity of manuals may fairly lay claim to the comprehensive title of the library of useful and entertaining knowledge. From the comprehensive Treatise on Trade to the Complete Carrier's Guide; from the Stepping-Stone of Fortune to the Stumbling-Block of Vice have we our Manuals, and at such a price too that either might with ease become Everybody's Book." This comprehensive author appears also to have produced Kidd's *Grand End of Life*, which was described by the *Court Journal* as "a noble work"; Kidd's *Art of Perfection*; Kidd's *Art of Conversation and Mirror of Minor Accomplishments*; Kidd's *Art of Pleasing and Being Pleased*, and Kidd's *Private Thoughts on Things in General*, which, as it was "a valuable epitome of everything that is worth knowing," should have rendered acquaintance with his other works superfluous. However, the only one of these which we have come across, Kidd's *Practical Hints on the Science of Etiquette*, is described as "a necessary addendum to Kidd's *Private Thoughts on Things in General*," and perhaps we could scarcely expect that among things in general should be included "the whole art of politeness, gentility, and good-breeding."

A perfect comprehension of this art, observes the author in some introductory remarks, "is so essentially requisite for all who would regard the decencies and proprieties of life, that I offer no apology for bringing it under the notice of the Public." He goes on to say that it is not his intention to inquire into the consistency of every branch of etiquette, but that he shall make it his business to explain its code of laws to his readers; "assuring them that, by an attentive perusal of the various forms herein set forth (more particularly by the aid of the other little books mentioned in the preface), they may learn all that is necessary to make them adepts." Then, by way of striking the right note at once, he gives his pupils a scathing picture of a man of fashion, who "resembles a monkey in appearance and a Civet Cat in smell," and who, while he "sips his wine, plans a little scheme of seduction"; and he contrasts with this a description of the man of politeness, who is a model of all the virtues. After this general exhortation we are taken on to detailed instructions, the first of which deals with the question of introductions. "On meeting a friend in the street," says our guide, "never introduce to him any person that may be walking with you at the time. *He is not seen.*" This emphatic rule, which reminds one of the legal fiction by which an unrobed barrister becomes invisible to the Court, may be easily enough followed by the person who meets a friend; but as to the most difficult part, that of him who has suddenly to regard himself as invisible, the teacher is silent. For this reticence he makes up in his next paragraph, where he tells his disciples that "letters of introduction should always be forwarded to the parties for whom they are intended. You will then," he adds, with complete confidence, "receive an early communication from the individual addressed." This seems to call for the ingenuity of commentators to explain why people possessing letters of



introduction should be inclined to send them elsewhere than to "the parties for whom they are intended." As it is, the passage must remain obscure until a New Kidd Society arises. Next to "Introductions" come "Invitations," which, if for a ball, "are generally printed on a card, and enclosed in an envelope, sealed with red or fancy wax"; and these directions are followed by some as to visiting. It is not long since we discussed in these columns the difficulties of going away, and of helping others to go away, when a visit has lasted too long. With such people as these Mr. Kidd would take a commendably short way. If, when you have let them see "as delicately as possible that you are on the fret, and that they are unwarrantably trespassing on your valuable time," they are still obdurate, "you may treat them in a more decided manner, excusing yourself by saying that you have another pressing engagement (looking at your watch) which you must keep punctually at — o'clock. This," says the writer, with triumphant insistence, "will make them move, and you must then facilitate their escape as quickly as possible by ringing the bell for your servant to open the door." Some people, it seems, in the days of Kidd's *Practical Hints* were wont to turn down two, three, or even four corners of a card to indicate the number of people for whom the visit was intended; but this, he warns his readers, "is Russell Square and Bloomsbury all over."

On the subject of dancing and behaviour in ball-rooms the professor of manners offered some advice which was the more valuable from its being the result of personal experience. "While handing refreshments to your partners—which you must do with the greatest attention—be careful not to be too communicative. I have my reasons for giving this advice. When I was a young man, I was constantly caught in this trap. I had broken the hearts of seventeen pretty spinsters before I was three-and-twenty." From the ball-room, with a strange inversion, the professor's pupils were taken to the dinner-table, and here we find what looks like a curious prophecy of the proverbial "Adelphi guests." "The first thing," writes the prudent Kidd, "to which I shall direct my reader's attention here is the absolute necessity there is for his evincing no manner of surprise at whatever he may see exhibited on the table. He is pre-supposed to know everything. As fashions are ever changing, ever new, he must readily fall in with all the various forms and ceremonies brought under his notice; this may be easily done by practice." Presently the professor unbends for a rare moment from the sternness with which he usually lays down his rules. While warning his pupil that, while carving, he should think more of others than of his own gratification, he yet observes that you may, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, manage to reserve for yourself any "*tid-bit* that you are particularly fond of." But he adds, "This is *entre nous*, it does not form a necessary branch of etiquette." Other passages lead us to infer that Mr. Kidd's system was less rigid generally at the dinner-table than elsewhere. For instance, one of his directions runs thus:—"As a rule, never put your knife in your mouth. It is a horrid custom, known only in the neighbourhood of Russell Square." The qualifying words seem to point to exceptions which, however, are not given. The writer, having given all the directions that he thought desirable with regard to the dinner-table, referred his readers for more extensive knowledge to Kidd's *Art of Pleasing and Being Pleased*, and ended his discourse with "An Interesting Chapter, alphabetically arranged, consisting of a Variety of Digested Topics." The second of these is, "How to Cut—a very difficult matter, and can only be done by impudence. Whenever you meet a man in company who is hateful to you, you must on no account see him, though he speaks to you. Ask your neighbour aloud, in such a case, 'Who is that fellow?'" For the consequences that might have resulted from this conduct the instructor has elsewhere provided, somewhat inadequately, under the heading "Duels." "Fashionable people," he says, "never fight. It disturbs their repose and disarranges their cravats. A gentleman—we are sorry to record the fact of his going out—if he is challenged, goes out—fires, receives or avoids a ball—shakes hands with his opponent, and comes home to dinner. A blackguard aims at his opponent, a gentleman never." These two bits of instruction taken together are evidently an instance of that want of consistency in etiquette which the otherwise omniscient author professes himself unable to explain away in his preface. For, supposing that the person whose "company is hateful" to a student of etiquette had insisted upon "satisfaction" for the behaviour laid down as proper towards him, the pupil would have found himself exposed to two inevitable dangers. His opponent might, regardless of Mr. Kidd's *Practical Hints*, aim at and hit him. And if this did not happen, the student would be forced to shake hands with a person whose company was hateful to him before going home to dinner. In another passage the arbiter of social laws is carried away by his enthusiasm into a strange burst of personality. Drinking healths, he says, is "a barbarous and unmeaning custom, long since exploded; excepting in the two squares already mentioned" (his hatred for these squares was abnormal, and would afford a fine field for commentators), "and on Richmond Green, Surrey. One antiquated family of fogeys at the last-named place still keep up the custom of giving toasts and drinking healths, to the inexpressible disgust of the very few persons who now honour them with their company."

Turning from past to present days, we learn from a book called *Sensible Etiquette*, which is published at Philadelphia, and which has already been noticed in these columns, that, for want of a Kidd, American society is divided upon certain points of etiquette. Indeed, from the preface to the work it

would seem that party feeling runs decidedly high as to these moot points. Mrs. Ward, the author of this book, heads one of her chapters "Conflicting Authorities on Points of Social Etiquette," and the heading is followed by extracts from various authorities, some of which say that the left, others that the right, arm should be given by a gentleman taking a lady into dinner. On this theme there would seem to have been a good deal of fighting, and it appears that in Washington society it is absolutely necessary to give the left arm, as in other places it is equally necessary to give the right. It is, no doubt, true, as Mrs. Ward says, that this kind of diversity in rules may be "confusing to the novice in American society"; but it is perhaps equally true that books of etiquette, even if they are as well meant and, on the whole, as sensible as Mrs. Ward's, can only represent a waste of pains.

#### SUBURBAN SCENERY.

EVERY one is nowadays expected to enjoy natural scenery. Yet it may be doubted how many native Londoners are capable of really appreciating the characteristic beauties of the pure country. We do not, of course, speak of that small cultivated class which has acquired a genuine taste for rural scenery from books as well as from frequent travel. We refer to that much larger class of Londoners who appear to profess a liking for the country simply because they are expected to do so. It may be observed, too, that to these persons the name "country" often means something hardly distinguishable from the familiar surroundings of their own city. They can content themselves with Margate or Brighton just because these places have the least possible resemblance to the country, properly so called. On the other hand, if they found themselves suddenly transported into the midst of wild heath and woodland, with nothing to remind them of their London streets and squares, they would probably feel exceedingly uncomfortable. The taste for nature, like every other taste, presupposes previous cultivation and varied experience; and the man who has passed most of his days in London cannot be expected to bring to the contemplation of natural scenery the appreciative and interpreting eye. For him the smooth down, the wooded glen, and the bleak moor, are unsuggestive and so uninteresting. He would infinitely rather go down the Thames and contemplate the wharves and the ware-houses, the meaning of which is clear to him.

Yet the most confirmed Londoner desires change like other men, and is glad occasionally to inhale the fresh air which blows outside his oppressive city. He likes, too, sometimes to get away from the crowds in which he has usually to move, and in which the sense of his individual importance is apt to be unpleasantly repressed. And, more than this, he now and again wearies of the constant restraint of the London street, and is glad of the opportunity of casting aside the severer trammels of propriety, and of giving ample vent to his energetic spirits. All this, and much more, impels the Londoner at times towards the country. Only, since the impulse to cling to his familiar surroundings is a deeper instinct than the love of change and freedom, he naturally seeks to combine the satisfaction of each by confining his excursions to the suburbs. Here the indigenous Londoner is able to fancy himself in the country without experiencing anything of that feeling of insecurity which would take possession of him too far from his customary environment. The name of his favourite brewer on the signboard of the inn, the familiar yellow brick, the occasional hansom, and perhaps, too, the well-known melancholy tones of the street organ, these and other signs serve to assure him that he is safely within easy reach of his usual town scenery.

The kind of scenery which our suburbs for the most part present to the eye is anything but beautiful to the genuine lover of the country. We do not speak here of the few open heaths and commons well within the outermost suburban circle, where the lover of nature may easily imagine himself far away from the unlovely surroundings of London. With the exception of these few picturesque points, the environs of London yield us nothing that is genuinely rural. They offer attractive scenery of a certain kind no doubt; but this is almost wholly artificial. The typical beauty of a London suburb is the elaborate villa with its ornate garden. Even the natural loveliness of the Thames at Richmond and higher up is overshadowed by the more obtrusive attractions of the suburban villa. If the rambler into the suburbs is no special lover of this kind of beauty, but prefers the wooded lanes, he will find it difficult enough to escape from the reach of the devastating suburban builder. Instead of completed villas, with their harsh elegance somewhat softened by climbing plants and bushy evergreens, he will find villas in all stages of incompleteness, and beyond these again half-made roads with vast mounds of smoking clay. He must be a cheerful pedestrian who can pass through these regions, offering to the eye nothing but the hideous signs of devastation, without becoming for the time a prey to a profound melancholy. And he must be an ardent lover of nature who cares to penetrate this dreary belt in order to catch a glimpse of the untouched fields beyond. Even here, however, the view will not bring perfect æsthetic satisfaction to the lover of pure nature. To an eye accustomed to the unimpeded vitality and the brilliant tints of country vegetation, the first fields and hedgerows will be apt to look dingy and unhealthy. And, even if the pedestrian is able to overlook these defects, he will not easily shake off all consciousness of the proximity of his leviathan city. For beyond the actual operations of spade and trowel, he will be reminded of

the rapid encroachments of the speculative builder by the huge, ugly board which announces the readiness of the landowner to dispose of his fields as freehold sites for building purposes. Thus to the eye longing for the unsullied country, the scenery of the extreme suburban regions will appear far from perfect.

Not so, however, in the case of the thoroughbred Londoner, in whose mind the taste for natural scenery is little more than a conventional affectation. He does not trouble himself about the exact degree of brilliance in the green of field or hedgerow. He is not repelled by the sight of newly lacerated fields or of reeking mounds of clay. To him the great visual attraction of the suburbs is this very process of building itself. He will walk for hours about the extreme suburbs in order to enjoy the spectacle of villa-construction on a stupendous scale. The pleasure which he takes in viewing these newest achievements of domestic architecture is of a very mixed kind. In part, we suppose, it must be called æsthetic, since to the eye of the person in question a showy and elaborate villa is one of the most beautiful of objects. He has a true feeling for its elaborate and fanciful contour, as well as for its glaring combinations of yellows, reds, and whites. But this is not the chief element in his gratification. The Londoner, like the Englishman in general, is before all other things a domestic animal. He contemplates the rapid mushroom-like growths of the suburbs from the point of view of an actual or prospective householder. The elegant villa is regarded by him in a vague manner as a possible family residence, and he surveys all its utilities and elegances with the imaginative satisfaction of one who might some day be its proud possessor. When the anticipation of personal ownership is wholly out of the question, the spectator has another kind of enjoyment. His mind is filled with admiration for the fortunate possessor of so palatial a residence. He speculates perhaps on the amount of this person's income, and on the height of his social position. If he is of an unenvious disposition, he may possibly experience a faint thrill of sympathetic elation at the sight of so much money appropriately expended in what every Englishman places foremost among the good things of life. He may even feel his patriotic sentiments pleasurably excited as he reflects on the vastness of his country's wealth, and on the practical wisdom of his countrymen, who tend instinctively to invest their pecuniary gains in so permanent and secure a form. For the rest it may be observed that the chief pleasure resorts in the suburbs appeal, in respect of their scenery, to very much the same kind of taste as that which finds its supreme satisfaction in the suburban villa. Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, and the Crystal Palace itself delight the eye of the native Londoner by their villa-like character. The charm is still that of an elaborate and ornate structure set in an artificial imitation of natural beauty. The preference for a well-laid-out garden over a bit of natural wood or heath is a characteristic of the town-bred man. His mind desires elegance, profusion, and symmetrical order, and he can find these qualities much more easily in a well-tended suburban garden than in the uncultivated regions of the country. Our capital is well supplied with such artificial rearrangements of nature. The foreigner is apt to grow eloquent when he sees the glories of the public gardens and parks which skirt the waters of the Thames. No one will question the beauty of these resorts. Trees, shrubs, and flowers of the most varied kind, and drawn from remote regions of the globe, are here grouped so as to yield the largest amount of pleasure to the eye. Yet this kind of scenery remains, after all, artificial, and essentially unlike that which results from the spontaneous growths of nature. It pleases all eyes by its imposing richness, by the elegance of its forms, and by the splendid contrasts of its colours. Yet it does not bring perfect contentment to the eye which has been fed and reared on the genuine beauties of nature.

Most of the scenery of the suburbs will thus remain the peculiar delight of the native Londoner. As for those whose eyes soon tire of the regularity and elaborate ornateness of this scenery, they must content themselves in their suburban excursions with the few points of natural beauty which have been permanently preserved from the builder's grasp. And we should not forget that our capital is singularly well off in respect of such picturesque resorts. It is no little privilege to have within so easy reach places like Hampstead Heath, Richmond Park, and Epping Forest, where the lover of nature may easily find retired points of real natural beauty and breathing of rural tranquillity. It may be added that the ardent searcher for natural beauty may now and then, within a mile or so of the hideous operations of the suburban builder, light on a leafy lane with a quaint farmstead which offers a really picturesque object to the eye, and which easily carries the imagination far away from the vulgarity and noise of modern London. These attractive spots, when fully explored, are quite sufficient to foster and keep alive a pure taste for natural beauty in those who are rarely able to take wider excursions from town. And these unobtrusive bits of natural scenery will remain dear to the few who have discovered them and appropriated them by intimate knowledge, just because they are neglected by the crowds that gather in the better known suburban resorts. If once the love for quiet and picturesque landscape were to take possession of the mass of Londoners, these points would soon lose their charm by losing their privacy. It is often said that the admirers of natural scenery are selfish when they seek to make their favourite resorts as inaccessible as possible to the many. Yet it should be borne in mind that the admission of a crowd to a beautiful retreat does, to all intents and purposes, rob it of its characteristic beauty. This applies with

special force to the very few naturally beautiful points which lie within easy walking distance of town. Their æsthetic value will remain only so long as they are not invaded by the crowd; and those who now enjoy the wild picturesqueness and repose of these spots cannot, we think, be blamed for praying that they may always remain as little known as they are at present. If a man has a cultivated eye he may derive no little gratification from an occasional walking-excursion to the few really picturesque points outside London. It may be added that, if his mind is well stored with historical and biographical lore, the pleasure of these excursions will be materially increased. The shining river winding through fresh meadows, the stretch of breezy heath, and the retired avenue, will acquire a new charm for the pedestrian's eye when he views these scenes in imaginary companionship with some departed genial poet or dreamy thinker. In truth, it may be said that, to the most fastidious mind, the environs of London afford here and there points whose varied charm may well console it for the unveiled ugliness which mostly characterizes these suburban regions.

#### PROGRESS IN SHIPBUILDING.

NO one can deny that public departments in this country receive their full share of blame whenever they have made, or are thought to have made, mistakes. In this, as in so many other matters, Englishmen present a singular contrast to their Continental neighbours, who have an almost superstitious respect for administrative chiefs, and often seem to think that they can hardly err. In England, on the contrary, it frequently appears to be assumed that the servants of the Government are more likely to be wrong than right when they attempt anything in the least difficult, and that, in the questions which may arise respecting the manner in which their work is done, the *onus probandi* lies on them. To make attacks on public offices and to point out their blunders is regarded as part of the business of the member of Parliament and the journalist, and it must be added that public offices only too often give ample opportunity for the exercise of critical ability. Some perhaps are more fortunate than others, but few escape censure for long; and there is one which is constantly inveighed against and seems to be looked upon as enjoying a certain pre-eminence in error. We need hardly say that we allude to the Admiralty. Perhaps no department of Government has been so bitterly criticized, or has been for so considerable a period habitually mistrusted and denounced. That there has frequently been good reason for wrath against this body, it would be absurd to dispute. From the time, at the beginning of this century, when the officers of one dockyard were able to plunder the public to the extent of a million annually to that when the "Phantom Board" was described, the Admiralty has on very many occasions deserved just censure. This, in no limited measure, it has received, for assuredly there has rarely been any disposition whatever to deal lightly with its sins or to overlook its errors. It may indeed be thought by some that there has been of late too great a tendency to find fault, and that the enormous difficulties with which the Admiralty has to contend in these times of constant change and invention are not sufficiently taken into account. With this consideration, however, we are not at present concerned. What we now desire to point out is that, as this great department has been subjected to no lenient treatment when it has made mistakes, and has often been very severely condemned, it should receive due credit when it achieves a success. Every one has heard of the blunders of the Admiralty and of faulty men-of-war, and not a few people think probably that blundering is the rule. Surely, then, some attention should be given to the facts that the Admiralty has recently constructed what promises to be the most successful vessel of her class ever set afloat, and has carried out, in the design of the largest man-of-war existing, what certainly appeared the very startling recommendations of a high scientific authority, with a judicious boldness which has been amply justified by results. These indeed are not only highly satisfactory so far as regards this particular ship, but are valuable in themselves, as they are likely to teach much both to those who have to design vessels of war and to some of those who have to plan the great merchant steamers of which so many are built in this country.

The first vessel above referred to is the steel *Iris*, which can be very shortly described. She was intended for a despatch steamer carrying a moderate armament, and the principal object sought to be attained in her was speed. Great pains were taken to obtain the best possible steel for her construction, and what was used was subjected to exceptionally severe tests. The strength of the material employed being thus ensured, a very light hull could with safety be constructed. Despite, however, the special care taken in designing and building the *Iris*, she was not at first, when fitted with four-bladed screws, so successful as had been expected. The screws were therefore changed, and the *Iris* then attained a speed through the water of 21½ miles an hour. One or two torpedo launches, with a proportion of power to displacement which would be utterly impossible in large vessels, may have gone as quickly; but it may be doubted whether this speed has ever been equalled or nearly approached by a sea-going screw steamer constructed to carry an armament; and the Admiralty have therefore thoroughly succeeded in their object, having produced what is probably the fastest man-of-war afloat. Even with the resources at their command, this cannot be considered a trifling



achievement; and, since there is always severe comment on failure, this success should in fairness receive some notice.

The results obtained in the *Iris* are, however, less important than those obtained in the *Inflexible*, which made her trial trip last week. For various reasons, into which there is no occasion to enter now, it was thought desirable that this vessel should have very great beam (i.e. breadth) in proportion to her length, and accordingly she was given a breadth of 75 feet, her length being 324 feet. Such a proportion of beam to length, exceeding even that which had been adopted in those very broad vessels, the *Thunderer*, *Devastation*, and *Temeraire*, was certainly calculated to cause great astonishment to naval architects. Very few probably would have dared to follow such a design even in a far less costly ship, and it certainly must have required some courage on the part of the Chief Constructor of the Navy and his staff to rely, as it appears from his published statement that they did, on the remarkable investigations made and the conclusions come to by Mr. W. Froude, and to plan a screw-steamer of which the length would be only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  times the breadth. Fortunately Mr. Froude appears to have had a well-justified confidence in the opinions which he had formed, and to have told officials of the constructive department of the Admiralty that they might adopt the proportions which have been described without any fear. The result has shown how sound his advice was; for not only has the *Inflexible* lost seemingly no valuable quality from her enormous beam, but she is apparently on an all-important point superior to some of the finest ironclads in the navy, as was pointed out in the excellent account of her trial trip which appeared in the *Times*. She has a proportion of engine power to displacement which is small when compared with that of some of the large ironclads. Her displacement is 11,500 tons, but her engines only slightly exceed in power those of the *Alexandra* of 9,492 tons, of the *Sultan* of 9,286 tons, are also proportionally weaker than those of other vessels, and are actually less powerful than those of the *Neptune* of 9,000 tons. Some doubt therefore seems to have been not unnaturally felt as to whether she would attain very high speed, though it would appear that Mr. Froude had no misgiving on the subject. That his confidence was well founded and that all apprehensions were groundless was shown in the trial trip, when, according to the report already mentioned, her average speed on a six-hours' run was  $14\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour. She certainly showed one fault, that of vibrating excessively; but it is scarcely possible to attribute this to her form, and doubtless means will be found to cure the defect. The speed attained on the trial trip by this vessel, with her comparatively weak engine power, proved the excellence of proportions which at first sight seemed singular in the extreme; and the courage which was displayed in departing from established views and in relying on the result of careful experiment and reasoning should not be forgotten when the Admiralty is charged with prejudice and with ignoring modern knowledge.

In this case certainly recent investigations have been boldly made use of, and it must not be forgotten that to the Admiralty these investigations are, in a certain sense, due, as Mr. Froude's researches have been undertaken for them. The results which he has arrived at are, as need hardly be said, well known to those who have paid attention to the subject on which he has been engaged; but we are not aware that, outside the Admiralty, any attempt has been made to turn them to account. Certainly now that he has been shown to be right in so very practical a manner, every possible attention should be given to the conclusions he has arrived at, as they are important not only to the designers of men-of-war, but also to private shipbuilders. His experiments have been recorded and his views stated by himself in the *Transactions of the Institute of Naval Architects*, and are tersely and clearly described in the chapter on the "Resistance of Ships," in Mr. White's well-known work on naval architecture. That writer states the result of Mr. Froude's experiments to be, "that within the ordinary limits of speed for merchant steamers—say thirteen knots—it would be possible to obtain as good results (i.e. as good results as are now obtained from very long and narrow vessels) with a slightly greater draught, and much more moderate proportions of length to breadth than are now commonly employed"; and that "if very high speeds have to be attained—say speeds of eighteen to twenty knots—it is preferable to decrease the length of middle body (that portion of a vessel in which the sides are parallel to each other), or to have none, increasing the lengths of entrance and run at the expense of the middle body, and making the extreme breadth greater." Further on he refers to the design for a river gunboat which was submitted to Mr. Froude when a question had arisen as to whether the vessel should have a length of 110 feet and an extreme breadth of 26 feet, or should have 34 feet of extreme breadth with the same length, but with "greater fineness and length of entrance and run." Mr. Froude reported, after experiment, that the broader vessel would have considerably less resistance than the other; and Mr. White adds that the results afterwards obtained on the measured mile trials with vessels of the broader form fully confirmed the experiments made with models. In a far more striking manner does the success of the *Inflexible* prove the justice of Mr. Froude's views; and the performance of this ship, which can hardly fail to attract the attention of shipbuilders, may not improbably cause some of them to consider whether they cannot take advantage of his discoveries and greatly improve vessels of a certain class by departing from the type now all but universally followed.

The screw steamers now constructed are, as we need hardly

inform our readers, of immense length in proportion to their beam, and they usually have a very long parallel middle body. For many of the purposes of commerce such vessels are no doubt the best that can be built. Mr. Froude himself states, in a passage quoted by Mr. White, that, "in view of the importance of large carrying power, combined with limited draught—a limitation which the Suez Canal has done much to emphasize—and I may add in view of the practical sufficiency of what may be called moderate speed, the prevailing tendency to a great length, including a long parallel middle body, is a fair result of 'natural selection.'" This, however, only holds good where vessels have to work under the conditions indicated. Where there is no need for a light draught, and where a high speed is required, steamers should be of a different type. Mr. Froude says:—"Where deep draught is unobjectionable, a shortened form, with no parallel middle body, would, as I have shown, be unquestionably superior; or, were it an object to obtain very high speed without notable increase of resistance, parallelism of middle body would, even with the longer form, be inadmissible." It should be remembered that, though the long, narrow vessels now so common are the best under the conditions which have been mentioned, they have very marked defects. They are greatly wanting in what is known as "handiness"—a most serious deficiency, as abundant collisions and other casualties show; and they have other grave faults. If, then, shorter and broader vessels are better suited for certain purposes, it is to be hoped that shorter and broader vessels will be built. A light draught of water is not required for some of the great passenger steamers of the present day, while speed is all-important; and in designing these surely the alterations in form which Mr. Froude's discoveries suggest might well be adopted, and the long narrow type with its not inconsiderable disadvantages be abandoned. There need be no misgiving after the success of the *Inflexible*. Of course it is not meant for an instant that her proportions should be followed in passenger steamers; but the fact that she has equalled if not surpassed other ironclads with considerably greater engine power in proportion to displacement than she has, proves how little is to be feared from great beam when a vessel is rightly designed. What the Admiralty has done has shown that possibly great improvements may be made in the construction of vessels of a certain class, and private shipbuilders must be willing to learn the lesson which the official body, so often reproached for sluggishness, has been able to teach them.

#### THE LAMBETH DILAPIDATIONS JUDGMENT.

THE judgment of the Queen's Bench in the Lambeth Dilapidations case deserves more notice than it may be likely to attract at a time when public interest in matters of ecclesiastical law is more immediately directed to the conflict of jurisdiction between two of the highest authorities within the realm. Lord Penzance is a greater dignitary than the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works; but the Lord Chief Justice has a word to say, in season or out of season, to the lower as well as to the higher functionary upon the legal rights of the clergy of the English Church, and he has thoughtfully provided for the Dean of Arches a sympathizing companion in affliction in the person of Sir James McGarel-Hogg. Both are the victims of circumstances over which they had no control. If there be a divinity which doth hedge a king, there is certainly a spirit of a very different nature which attends on an ecclesiastical Act of Parliament in our modern days; and the same malicious demon who "hedged" the unlucky "P.W.R." Act must have previously bestowed his not pious care upon the fortunes of the Act for the Abolition of compulsory Church Rates. It has long been known to those who had dispassionately examined the subject that the last-named Act was among the most grotesquely incomplete outgrowths of our haphazard legislation, and that it involved a mass of confusion and anomaly which its promoters did not anticipate because they had never taken the trouble to understand the details; although it seemed likely that this result would escape public notice in consequence of the inability or unwillingness of those who were affected by it to bring their grievances into the dry light of a law court. But the "goblin of the Gilpin Horner brood" who had been told off for the confusion of ecclesiastical law was equal to this emergency, and in the supposed interests of the London ratepayer he has now managed to decoy the Metropolitan Board of Works into a quagmire from which they may indeed manage to extricate themselves, but into which it seems equally likely that they may drag a good many other ratepayers in various parts of England. As unprejudiced spectators, we have only to stand by and watch the scramble.

On the Surrey side of the Thames there is a district church known as All Saints, Lambeth, and erected, some forty years ago more or less, under the provisions of the Church Building Acts of 1818 and 1819. This church does not materially differ from some thousands of other churches which have come into being under similar conditions, except in one point, which is a point very material to the issue. Its incumbent is the Rev. Frederick George Lee, sometime of the University of Oxford, now Honorary D.C.L. of the University of Salamanca, and of all benefited or unbenefited clergy of the Church of England about the very least likely to show the white feather when any question of fighting was involved. On a pinnacle of the spire of this church, some year or two ago,

either the wind or the Gilpin Horner imp lighted, loosened a stone and sent it down to the pavement on or near to the head of an existing or imaginary ratepayer; upon which the Metropolitan Board of Works immediately came to the rescue, as it was unquestionably bound to do. The Metropolitan Management Act had charged the Board with the supervision of all "buildings" within its jurisdiction; and either by a separate clause or in a schedule had placed it beyond legal question that a church was a "building," on which otherwise, perhaps, doubtful fact the counsel for the Board insisted with some energy. That "every building has an owner" appears to be a major premiss reasonable enough, and the Lord Chief Justice expressed himself as entirely in accord with the Board of Works upon its applicability to the case in point at the time when the Metropolitan Management Act was passed. The syllogistic stream went on smoothly enough then. "This church is a building, therefore this church has an owner"—namely, the ratepaying body of the parish, bound by law to maintain it out of the rates. But at a later day, in 1868, the Church Rate Abolition Act came upon the scene, and, while leaving the liability of the ratepayers exactly where it was, deprived them of the power of levying the rates by which this liability could alone be discharged. The Board of Works, necessarily aware of the difficulty, cast about to find an "owner" who might be pliable enough for their purpose, and fixed, not so irrationally after all, as times go, upon the parson. One clergyman being presumably very much like another, the odds were immensely in favour of the Board. The average incumbent would have been awed by the first official monition, alarmed by a lawyer's letter, and prostrated by the very sound of a "mandamus." Somehow or other he would have found or begged the money, and the pinnacle would have been patched or plastered up, till the next high wind. How was the Board of Works to know anything of the *Directorium Anglicanum*, its editor, or his submissiveness before dignitaries, civil or other? In the result, as to which the hearty thanks of all the clergy of district and other churches are due to Mr. Lee for his courage, his coolness, and his persistency, the unprecedented claim of the Board of Works upon an incumbent for dilapidations of a parish church has been defeated at every step, and the repairs executed by the Board on its own responsibility are left chargeable upon the rates by a most clear and unhesitating decision of the Lord Chief Justice, concurred in by the only Judge associated with him in the hearing, Mr. Justice Mellor. This judgment conclusively lays down the principle that the abolition of Church-rates has not relieved the ratepaying body from their liability at common law by any transfer of the burden to the incumbent. We use the expression "at common law" advisedly; for the statute law of the Church Building Acts only attached to the new churches the status belonging to the old ones.

The importance of such a decision is evident. In a variety of other ways the confusion and contradiction introduced by the provisions, or want of provisions, of the Church Rate Abolition Act may be kept out of sight; but in this case it has been forced into notice by a deliberate legal judgment, obtained, not by any ecclesiastical pressure, but by the considered action of a civil Board. The Public Worship Act itself proceeds on the assumption that all the requisites for divine service are provided "at the charges of the parish," as of old. Nothing of the kind is done in fact; but the rights of the "aggrieved parishioner" rest on this traditional basis, and on no other. The money is found; and the law does not trouble itself to ascertain the source. Again, all visitation dues and expenses are ordered by Church law to be provided for the churchwardens at the charges of the parish. Various warnings have been addressed to non-paying churchwardens by diocesan officials that these payments can still be recovered at law; but, as a matter of fact, there is a sort of general understanding that they will be paid where there are funds available, and that in cases where they are not paid there must be some sufficient reason, expressed or implied. These, however, are details belonging rather to the internal arrangements of the Church than to its relation as an establishment to the general life of the people; whereas the issue raised by the Board of Works, and decided authoritatively by the Court of Queen's Bench, is of the widest possible application, as may readily be shown. Every man, woman, and child in England and Wales has a right to the use of the parish church and to the ministrations of the clergy, alike in common public worship and in occasional offices. Statute law has declared what particular building, in the case of subdivisions of ancient parishes, shall be the parish church for each separate household, within which such rights accrue; and where no such special declaration is made the ancient rights in the mother-church remain. In this respect the Church of England is absolutely co-extensive with the English nation; and the parish church, new or old, is a public building in the legal sense of the word. Whether, therefore, the building itself be actually in a street, as in the case of All Saints', Lambeth, and of many others in London and elsewhere, or enclosed within railings at a short distance from a thoroughfare, or shadowed by the trees of a country churchyard, its maintenance in a state of security is a public right, and every person is entitled to be protected from bodily injury in the use of it, as completely as if it were a public highway or bridge. From this view it would seem necessarily to follow, as a corollary upon the judgment of the Queen's Bench, that the fabric of a parish church, having become through dilapidations dangerous to life or limb for the parishioners having the right to use it, would be liable to be indicted in the same manner as a bridge or a highway by any one of the parishioners; and as the Chief Justice has now

distinctly laid down the law, which indeed was open to no reasonable doubt before, that the incumbent of the church is not the owner or occupier in any sense which imposes upon him liability to repair, the conclusion is inevitable, that the ancient ownership rests where it did before the passing of the Church-rate Abolition Act, upon the whole body of the parishioners as recognized by the old parochial boundaries or as defined under the Church Building Acts in the case of new parishes.

Mr. Lee, who argued his own case before the Court, urged with great force and with the strongly expressed approval of the Judges the double argument that the Board of Works had not attempted to take possession of the church for sale under the general provisions of the Act, and that he himself had not the power of an owner to pull down or sell the building. This is, in other words, the unanswerable contention that consecration gives to the church a distinctive character recognized by the law, and is not the mere ecclesiastical superstition which it is the fashion in some quarters to consider or to pretend to consider it. The decay in many places, the growing disfavour in others, under which the system of pew-rents is gradually dying out, removes from the argument any question of rent or profit as arising from the church-fabric, and no attempt seems to have been made in the Lambeth case to raise this question, to which in the particular instance a sufficient answer would have been at hand. It is idle, we had almost said childish, to divert attention from the real point at issue by controversial or sentimental declamation about the readiness of the English people to support devoted and faithful ministers in all things necessary for their work. We have heard too much of this already, and we hope to hear no more of it after the summary sweeping away by the Chief Justice of all such rhetorical cobwebs. The repairs of the church fabric do not, he says, fall on the incumbent; and, if the law does not order him to pay, still less does it compel him to beg. It will be well if the clergy generally will have the courage to maintain the position which has been thus gained for them, not by agitation of their own, but by a hostile movement made by a civil body against one of themselves, and defeated by the plain common sense of the law. There has been hitherto a natural hesitation on their part to resist a pressure which has been, sometimes ignorantly, sometimes unfairly, brought to bear upon them. It is not, we believe, an unheard-of incident at a Visitation-dinner that a clergyman may be singled out for something very like personal censure because the fabric of the parish church which he serves is falling into decay for want of funds supplied by the parish for its repair. For the future it may be expected that the Chief Justice's ruling will prevent any such putting of the saddle upon the wrong horse; but, at the same time, a growing tendency among the clergy to assume as of right a control over the fabric of the church and over the expenditure required for its maintenance seems to call for a word of caution. The burden has in too many cases been almost unavoidably thrown upon them; but the liability really rests with the parishioners, while the accompanying authority is vested in the churchwardens, whose office should be maintained as a reality in the true interests of the National Church. Churchmen, both lay and clerical, may find cause for much satisfaction in the recent Lambeth judgment. Whether the agitators of the Liberation Society will equally rejoice in the Queen's Bench decision, we are not particularly concerned to ascertain.

#### ACTORS AT WESTMINSTER.

MR. GILBERTS clever burlesque of *Trial by Jury* can be presented within the space of a single hour; but when the Majesty of the Law undertakes to burlesque itself the process is more complicated and tedious. During two whole days of the past week the Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury have been entirely absorbed in the consideration of that part of Mrs. Rousby's arm which lies between the elbow and the shoulder. The report of their proceedings occupies some dozen columns in the newspapers, and yet from the constant interruptions of "laughter" and "applause" which are there recorded, we may conclude that the performance proved of sustained interest to the audience. To many minds this will seem surprising. The condition of Mrs. Rousby's arm is, and has no doubt always been, a matter of grave concern to Mrs. Rousby; but it was by no means clear that the Bench, the Bar, and the public would be so deeply agitated by this lady's real or imaginary wrongs. Even if all that was alleged on the one side had been admitted on the other, the assault would not have been able to compete with other outrages on women that are of almost daily occurrence. The interest of the case cannot therefore be said to depend upon the magnitude of the alleged injury; from the result, we should be rather disposed to believe that it was derived from the extraordinary difficulties that had to be met in the course of the inquiry. The Lord Chief Justice is on all hands admitted to be a competent judge, the counsel on either side are justly held in esteem by their fellows; and yet judge and counsel, even with the powerful assistance of a special jury, took two whole days to determine whether Mr. Bandmann had or had not assaulted Mrs. Rousby. It is therefore obvious that the case must have been of an unprecedented complexity, for it is not to be supposed that either judge or counsel permitted themselves to linger a moment longer than was necessary for the strict discharge of justice. If we find that the dull process of law is here and there illumined by sallies of wit or professions of sentiment, we may be quite sure that they



are everywhere the result of a distinct legal intention. When, for instance, the Lord Chief Justice was "curious to know" how Mrs. Rousby contrived to act with her arm in a sling, he doubtless lay under the belief that the answer would materially help forward the inquiry. In the same spirit we may suppose he entered into an interesting moral discussion with the counsel for the defence. The latter thought that "no man ought to call a woman a liar." The Lord Chief Justice thought so too; but these eminent authorities could not agree upon the circumstances under which it would be proper for a man to be called a liar. Mr. Serjeant Parry thought there "might be an occasion" when such language could be fitly applied; all, however, that he could induce the Lord Chief Justice to admit was that the insult was worse towards a woman, "inasmuch as she cannot knock the man down."

All this is to be reckoned highly instructive, and we ought to be thankful for any occasion which draws from eminent authorities opinions of such weight and importance. But together with other incidents in this remarkable trial, these little intellectual encounters unquestionably tended to lengthen the proceedings. One of these incidents was the absence on the second day of Mrs. Rousby's counsel. This lady certainly deserves public sympathy in that, having retained two eminent counsel to conduct her case, she was nevertheless deprived for a considerable time of their valuable services. Their only excuse is that they had not foreseen that two days would be required to determine whether a gentleman had bruised a lady's arm. Hopeless, perhaps, of being able to witness the close of this difficult inquiry, one of them had retired to the comparative repose of the Central Criminal Court, while the other had temporarily transferred his services to the case of the Hampstead Smallpox Hospital. "He had expected that this case would close yesterday," and by an arrangement which he explained to the Court he had promised the Attorney-General to afford assistance elsewhere. In the absence of both, Mrs. Rousby sought and obtained leave to conduct her own case; and we are bound to admit that the questions she put to the witnesses were quite as pertinent to the issue as those which had been contrived by her professional advisers. But the witnesses could not be persuaded, even by a lady, to address themselves to the substantial matter of the action. They were ready to say many things about Mrs. Rousby which it was not pleasant to hear, and many other things pleasant enough in themselves, the significance of which it obviously required a trained legal intellect to discover. A supernumerary, who had discharged the difficult duties of "Swordsmen at the Gate" in the drama of *Joan of Arc*, was quite clear that he had seen Mrs. Rousby fall from a cab-horse, which had done duty on the stage as a charger; but, although pressed by the Lord Chief Justice, he could not be brought to avow that he had seen her "flourish her sword to encourage her martial followers." Compared with the other witnesses, however, this "swordsmen at the gate" had seen much. If he had been at the theatre where the assault was alleged to have taken place, we really believe that he would have been able to have thrown some light upon the points in dispute. Of those who were present on the stage during the terrible rehearsal which brought Mr. Bandmann and Mrs. Rousby into collision, the greater number seem to have skillfully contrived not to witness the principal incident. The only picturesque account of the matter offered on behalf of the plaintiff was delivered by a young gentleman who is "pursuing his studies" at St. George's Hospital, and who apparently occupies his leisure in witnessing theatrical rehearsals. He assured the Court that he saw "Mr. Bandmann raise his arm and bring it down with the force of a sledge-hammer"; but, on being asked by the Lord Chief Justice on what the sledge-hammer descended, he was forced to admit that he did not know. This young gentleman, at any rate, had tried to see as much as he could, but there were other witnesses who would appear to have been actuated by the desire to see as little as possible. One of them, who was on the stage when the discussion took place, gravely observed that he had "purposely turned his back in order to see nothing of it"; and even those who did not turn their backs cannot be credited with having seen much more. The leader of the orchestra, who was called as a witness, perhaps took the most philosophical view of the transaction. He saw there was a scuffle on the stage, and he heard Mrs. Rousby exclaim that she had been struck; but, when pressed for further details, he contented himself with the remark that "the whole thing was very brief, and, as it did not concern me, I did not pay very much attention to what was going on."

It would have been well if this spirit of brevity which characterized the incident could have been preserved in the trial. In the interest of the public it is to be regretted, we think, that a case involving so many disagreeable and deplorable features should have been treated with so much elaboration. If our courts of law are to be made amusing, let the subjects of amusement be at any rate chosen with discretion. "Laughter" and "applause" may perhaps be innocently introduced into the proceedings at Westminster, but they are scarcely the fit accompaniments of the pitiful story which this alleged assault has dragged to light. We are happily not concerned with the truth of any of the statements that have been made in the course of the trial. All that we know is that the jury have acquitted the defendant of the charges made against him. But, whether true or not, the kind of statements that were made about the plaintiff's character and habits were certainly no fit subject for idle amusement. The public is surely supplied with sufficient entertainment of a legitimate kind by the members of the theatrical profession without seeking the

material of vulgar merriment in such unattractive details of private life as were here made public. According to the verdict of the jury, which we have no reason to dispute, the defendant in this case had been erroneously accused of a brutal and cowardly assault, and if his accuser really intended to do him an injury, she has certainly amply atoned for her fault. It would be difficult to conceive of a more severe punishment than is involved in the duty of providing entertainment for the rabble who crowd to hear a case of this description.

#### SOME ANOMALIES IN THE INDIAN PUBLIC SERVICE.

A WRITER in the last number of *Fraser's Magazine* has drawn attention to what he considers the grievance of the particular branch of the Indian service to which he evidently himself belongs—the large body of civil engineers employed in the Government Public Works Department. But, in fact, the matter in its essential particulars is equally applicable to all classes of English public servants in India, except the special and comparatively small body known as the Covenanted Civil Service. The case is unfortunately a good deal overstatd by the writer in question, and is thereby weakened; but, even when put in the soberest form, the history of the dealings of the Indian Government with its so-called Uncovenanted Service is a far from creditable record of administrative management. To understand how the present state of things has come about, it must be borne in mind that the institution of the Covenanted Civil Service was established no less in the interest of the Government of India than as a check on that Government itself. The rule established by Act of Parliament that every civil appointment under the Indian Government should be held only by members of the Covenanted Civil Service, was framed both in order to prevent the Company from jobbing their patronage, and equally to save them from the pressure put on them by the English Government and English courtiers to find employment for worthless persons sent out from England. The introduction of the covenant which has given a name to this branch of the service was with a view to keep the Civil Service itself in order. Its members were compelled to execute a covenant pledging themselves to abstain from private trade and other disreputable practices, and it is a curious instance of survivals that this term "Covenanted," which was once in effect a sort of opprobrium, has now become a title of honour, signifying that the holder belongs to a special and privileged class, but a class which, it may be added, is fast losing its special advantages. From the very first, however, the strict letter of the Act began to be violated, because, while the Covenanted Civil Service filled all the posts worth holding, its limited numbers had necessarily to be supplemented by a subordinate agency. They occupied all the superior fiscal, judicial, and administrative appointments; but the posts corresponding to those held by the bulk of the English Civil Service, such as the clerkships of public offices, were filled by a subordinate class of persons, for the most part East-Indians or natives, but occasionally English. For these people, who, even if English in blood and language, had taken up their permanent residence in India, and were probably born and educated there, and who, in contradistinction to their superiors, came to be known as the Uncovenanted Service, a set of rules for leave and pension was eventually established, based on the assumption that they were residents of India who did not want to visit England, and who were willing to continue at work until worn out by old age; and the rules were not unsuitable under the circumstances. But within the last twenty years or so the Indian public service has been very largely augmented by men appointed direct from England to the different departments of engineering, education, telegraphs, forests, finance, and others—all comparatively of recent creation; and the united strength of these different bodies far exceeds in number the so-called Covenanted Service. It is a curious and by no means creditable feature of the Indian administration that no sort of organization has been provided for this large and important class, who in point of education and attainments are quite as deserving of consideration as the Civil Service or the army, but whom the Indian Government will still persist in terming the Uncovenanted Service—absurdly enough, since most of the officials so styled have gone out under special covenants—and in placing on the same footing as to leave and pensions with the native messengers in the public office, or a semi-native hospital knife-grinder.

Thus the Indian services, apart from the army, are divided into two categories—the so-called Covenanted Service, consisting of those who, passing into it by the well-known competitive examination, are eligible for all the higher administrative offices; and all other functionaries of any class whatsoever, and whether appointed from England or in India, or with a covenant or without, but who are dealt with as one body under the absurd and absolutely incorrect title of the Uncovenanted Service. For the one class the fact is recognized that they are Englishmen, who desire to revisit their native land occasionally, and to retire to it eventually, and a liberal amount of furlough can be taken without prejudice to the claim to retire after middle age. In the Uncovenanted Service, on the other hand, no man, until the other day, could claim to retire as a right, but was only admitted to pension as a favour, and all leave taken was deducted from the service reckoning for pension. Not only were the rules in this respect hard and unreasonable, but they contained, and still

contain, clauses which, besides being opposed to the facts and untenable in law, were absolutely insulting. Thus there is one to the effect that reasonable practices will involve forfeiture of pension; another clause says that the pension will be liable to forfeiture in the event of the pensioner being guilty of immoral conduct, a clause which no court of equity would be found to sustain; another, equally at variance with the contract really involved in service, says that no one shall be admitted to pension save at the pleasure of the "local Government," this being an absolutely untrue statement of the conditions under which those officials are serving who have been sent out to India under direct covenant or agreement with the Secretary of State, by whom alone the conditions of their appointment can be set aside. The rule about treason may have been sufficiently appropriate for a native official in a newly-conquered province, but, applied to a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, it is perhaps not the less irritating because it is ridiculous. If one did not know how largely the business of governments is leavened with stupidity, it would be difficult to understand why these foolish clauses have not been long ago swept away, still more why an entirely new set of rules have not been substituted for the obsolete ones now in force, suitable to the conditions of the English public servants now employed in the different branches of the Indian administration. Some indeed of the most galling restrictions as to leave and retirement have lately been removed or modified, and the writer in *Fraser* weakens a good case by omitting all mention of the fact; but the *vis inertiae* of official Conservatism must have been strong to retard for so long the course of reasonable reform.

As regards the smallness of the Indian pension scale, on which the writer in *Fraser* enlarges, this is by no means a special feature of the engineer branch of the service. It is a characteristic of the Indian service generally; and, although he compares what he describes as the more favoured condition of the Covenanted civilian, retiring on his thousand a year, with that of the engineer whose maximum retirement at the present rate of exchange is little more than four hundred pounds, it should be added that the greater part of the higher pension is in most cases contributed by the civilian himself, by enforced deductions from his pay. Indeed in no branches of the Indian service are the pensions comparatively smaller than in the Covenanted Service, because, since this deduction takes the form of a percentage on salary, the men who rise to the highest posts, and are therefore presumably most efficient, contribute in the largest proportion to their own pensions. A man like the present Governor of Bombay, for example, who has held high offices almost from the first day of entering the service, will probably have furnished almost the whole of his pension out of his own savings. The Government share of this annuity will be at most some two or three hundred a year.

The fact is that all through the Indian service the scale of pensions is very small, not only relatively, but absolutely. A clerk in Somerset House will get a larger pension than the chief engineer of an Indian railway or the Governor of an Indian province. And, if they are to become a means of stimulating retirements, and therefore accelerating promotion, the rates of pensions for all branches of the Indian services would need to be recast on such a colossal scale as might well appal a Government, even if its finances were in a far sounder condition than those of India at the present time. A more effectual way of meeting the difficulty about promotion—indeed, it may be said, the only effectual way—would be to apply to the other branches of the service the system maintained in the Covenanted Civil Service, of an enforced saving by deductions from the officer's pay, omitting however the faulty conditions which disfigure the so-called Civil Fund, that the return made to a man from it bears no specific relation to his contributions, and that the latter are all lost if he dies before retirement. Each man should be credited with the exact amount of his own contributions, which should be repayable to his estate if he dies while in the service.

After all, it is very doubtful if any reasonable system of pensions or enforced deductions to make up bonuses will alone serve to stimulate retirement to the needful extent. For effecting this completely there are really only two ways—enforced superannuations, and a proper relation between the upper and junior grades of the service. The first method is already in force; but the working of the rule is obstructed by the weakness of the Indian authorities. The rule is that every military officer shall vacate his civil office on receipt of the colonel's allowance, and that every officer in civil employ shall be superannuated at fifty-five; but both rules are systematically violated, except in the Covenanted Civil Service, in which superannuation is rigidly maintained. As to the other point, the block in promotion in the Civil Service of which we have heard so much is entirely due to the excessive number of subordinate posts which have been created of late years. The cry in all branches of the service has been for more English officials, and this means that promotion to the higher posts shall be made slower and slower. The remedy for this in the future is to reduce largely the number of subordinate posts to be filled by men from England, and to substitute for them natives of India. Quite apart from the expediency of doing this on the score of justice to the latter, the change may be advocated as being equally for the interest of the members of the European services themselves. If one half of the present establishment of Assistant-Magistrates was cut off, the rate of advancement to the higher posts of the service would be greatly accelerated. So with regard to the Engineer service. The state of this service appears indeed to be exceptional. Its formation is com-

paratively of recent date, and, having undergone large and sudden expansion, the upper ranks are filled with comparatively young men who block the way. The case has indeed been ludicrously overstated in the paper we have referred to. There are, we believe, twelve grades or degrees of official rank in the Engineer service—from Junior Assistant to Chief Engineer—so that, if it takes nine years, as the writer asserts, to pass through each step, it will take a hundred and twenty years to get to the top of the department. It is only necessary to insist on the fifty-five years' rule to prevent the occurrence of such a lamentable result. If no one can remain in the service after fifty-five, the juniors must be younger. It is an equal exaggeration to speak of the salaries of Indian officials as having been reduced by one-fourth, because the exchange has fallen to one-and-sixpence, as if a man in India, bachelor or married, remitted the whole of his income to England; and when people talk about the increased cost of living in India, the case is very apt to be overstated. As to some items, no doubt, this is true; but while the general tendency of Indian salaries has been in the way of increase, especially in the Engineer service, in many respects the cost of living in India has been greatly reduced. The cost of travelling, especially, which twenty years ago used to be a most formidable demand on the Anglo-Indian purse, has been very greatly lessened by railways, which have equally lowered the price of all imported goods. The charge for passage-money between England and India has fallen one-half. What has no doubt risen in cost is the general mode of living. The luxurious habits of their countrymen at home have found their way into Anglo-Indian homes, and this is what people often have in their minds when they talk about the increased cost of living; but, on the whole, more of the money's worth is to be got for the money in India now than could be got twenty years ago. But this is no reason why the organization of the Indian public service should not be placed on a reasonable footing, and some of its most palpable defects at once removed.

#### THE RACING SEASON.

WHEN betting men were reduced to laying "7 to 4 on Cross against Rosebery (taken and offered)" for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University, it was evident that what is termed the legitimate racing season was quickly wearing itself out. Yet there remained the Liverpool and Shrewsbury meetings to be endured by those who were willing to stand shivering on a race-course in bleak November weather.

The subscription to the Liverpool Autumn Cup had been a large one, but the acceptance had been but small, amounting only to a fifth part of the original entry. On the publication of the weights, Belphebe and Touchet, a couple of four-year-olds with 8 st. 1 lb. and 8 st. to carry, were at once pointed out by racing analysts as the most likely horses to win the race. Sinister rumours were, however, in circulation about the former, and Touchet became, and remained, first favourite. Although he had run well as a two-year-old, his later career had not been successful, and it was generally believed that a queer temper and a nervous disposition had been the chief causes of his failures. He had made a very fair fight with Isomy in the Cambridgeshire, although he was finally beaten by a couple of lengths, and much of his running tended to show that he should have had an excellent chance of winning the Liverpool Autumn Cup. Belphebe had won the One Thousand in 1877, and had run second to Placida for the Oaks, second to Jongleur for the Cambridgeshire, and third to Hilarious (to whom she had given 18 lbs.) for the Cesarewitch. Master Kildare was the most popular of the other starters, which were chiefly mere handicap horses, with the exception of Lady Golightly and Julius Caesar. With all his racing powers, 11 lbs. and 12 lbs. was a great deal of weight for the latter to give to animals like Belphebe and Touchet, and Lady Golightly seemed to have turned into a jade, although on her last year's running alone she would probably have been first favourite. When the horses walked up the course, some people thought that Touchet went a little lame on his near hind leg, but when he galloped he moved with great freedom and elasticity. Julius Caesar came out wearing a hood, blinkers, and a muzzle, and was led down the course, nor was he mounted until the rest of the field had taken their preliminary canter. He seems to be developing into a savage brute, and must be an unpleasant horse either to ride or handle. So late in the autumn it was but natural that some of the horses' coats should look rather broken, but the field, as a whole, was in excellent condition, while in quality it was quite up to the average. There was little time lost at the post, and the fifteen competitors went away to a good start, Julius Caesar being the first to get settled into his stride. Soon after starting, Sunshade, The Reeve, Merry Duchess, and Muscatel went to the front, and between them the running was made at an excellent pace. Although very flat, the Liverpool course is a tiring one on account of the dull dead nature of the soil, and about a quarter of a mile from home the group of horses just named had had quite enough of it. Master Kildare then came to the front, going so freely as to appear to be winning. He was not to have it all to himself, however, for on approaching the distance he was joined by Touchet and Belphebe, and a fine struggle ensued. Belphebe soon gained a slight advantage, but Touchet kept creeping up by degrees. As they got near the end of the race, although Belphebe was still leading, Touchet was catching



her rapidly; but the winning-post was reached before he quite succeeded in passing her, and he lost the race by a neck, Master Kildare being only a head behind him. This was certainly a triumph of handicapping; and, although the public had not estimated the three first horses in their true relative order, it had selected them as the leading favourites. On the following Friday Belphebe again opposed Julius Cæsar; and, as she was meeting him on 16 lbs. worse terms than in the Autumn Cup, odds were laid upon the horse; but the old brute would not try to gallop, and allowed the mare to win in an easy canter. It is melancholy to see a horse that was once so good degenerating into a savage cur. The Great Lancashire Stakes brought out the once-celebrated Sir Joseph, who had held the post of first favourite for this year's Derby, a race for which he ran twelfth. Helena was made favourite; but, after a good race, Sir Joseph won by a neck, Tower and Sword being second, and Helena third.

The Shrewsbury racecourse was covered with several inches of snow on the morning of the opening day; but an army of sweepers cleared it sufficiently to allow the racing to begin at one o'clock. The ground was fearfully heavy during the first two days, and on the third, although frost and sunshine had dried it a little, the course was very "holding," as trainers term it. On the last day again a heavy and persistent rain soaked the ground, and one part of the course, on the further side from the stand, was little better than a bog. Considering the difficulties which the managers of the Shrewsbury Meeting had to contend against in the matter of the weather, great credit is due to them for getting their races run off at all. The Great Shropshire Handicap was contested by a dozen horses, the smallest field that has ever started for that race. It turned out to be little more than a walk over for Avontes, a fine chestnut four-year-old, with plenty of bone, who has long been expected to win a good race, and who had now only 6 st. 13 lbs. to carry. Although a little lumbering, his strength and light weight enabled him to tire out his opponents in the heavy mud, and he had virtually won the race a quarter of a mile from home. There was a fine race on the Thursday for the Acton Burnell Stakes, a head and a neck dividing the three leading horses. Archer on Eremita won the race with great skill. Zucchero refused to struggle when the distance was reached in the Column Handicap, and that race was won by Drumhead, who had made the whole of the running.

The Friday of the Shrewsbury Meeting was one of the most persistent wet days of the year, and the already soaking course became almost unusable. It was a question whether public form could be relied upon at all in such a state of things, and a good hunter seemed a more suitable animal than a racehorse for scrambling through such mud. Of the small field which ran for the Cup, Lord Clive was the first favourite. Belphebe was considered scarcely good enough to compete, at something like weight for age, with a horse that was very commonly thought better than the winner of the Derby. Many good judges of racing preferred to either of these the two lightly weighted three-year-olds Sunshade and the Make-shift filly, who were receiving 2 stone and 2 stone 3 lbs. from their fellow three-year-old Lord Clive; for it was argued that this allowance of weight was as good as doubled by the state of the ground. Some idea of the effect of the mud may be formed by comparing the time occupied by the race for the Shrewsbury Cup in the year 1877 with that of the race of last week. Last year the ground was also considered very heavy, and yet the race was run in three minutes thirty-one seconds, while the race of this year lasted for five minutes and two seconds. This being the case, it was but natural that the heavily weighted horses should be quite out of the race, and the contest was virtually left to the two lightly weighted two-year-olds, who had it entirely to themselves, Sunshade winning by a length and a half. Although defeat under such circumstances was no disgrace to Lord Clive, it may be worth remembering that he appeared to be quite unable to gall up in very heavy ground. In the last race of the week extra weight again told in the deep ground. Poor Julius Cæsar was made to give 22 lbs. to the powerful but straight and coachy-shouldered Ambergris, who thus succeeded in winning his third race during the meeting.

It is satisfactory to learn that the largest winner in stakes alone during the past season is a man who never bets. With thirteen horses he has won about 38,000*l.*, and during the last five years he has won something like 120,000*l.* In the history of the British Turf no name has been more deserving of honour than that of Lord Falmouth, and no owner of racehorses has ever been more successful. During the season which has just closed, the Jockey Club, like some other legislative assemblies, has passed no measure of very astounding importance; but the domestic government at Newmarket has been conducted in the most praiseworthy manner, and great improvements have been made in the arrangements of races at the head-quarters of the Turf. Instead of too many important events being crowded into certain days, and others left devoid of any race of interest, the better class of races has been judiciously spread over the various days of the principal meetings. As regards betting, the professional bookmakers have had an unusually prosperous year, as the first favourites have been singularly unsuccessful in most of the important handicaps. The famous jockey Archer continues his successful and almost unrivalled career. Fordham, who had entirely given up professional riding, again appeared upon the turf, nor does he seem to have lost any of his skill during his temporary retirement. The success of the stock of Speculum this season has been a matter of interest to

breeders, and Lord Clifden has had his reputation maintained by Jannette and Lord Clive. His sons, Petrarch and Hampton, two of the best horses in training, are at once to leave the turf for the stud. The turf has been the scene of many ruffianly outrages within the last few months, and deeds of open violence have been but too common, while the offenders have in many cases escaped unpunished. This infamous state of things was brought to a climax at the late Shrewsbury meeting, when a determined attempt was made by a gang of some hundred and fifty ruffians to break into the stand enclosure. A most unseemly riot ensued, in the course of which several persons were injured. It is but fair to the authorities of the Shrewsbury races to add that an extra force of police was immediately summoned from Birmingham, and that order was maintained during the remainder of the meeting. It may be an interesting problem for dabblers in social science to discover the reasons which attract the lowest scoundrels from far and wide to race meetings, especially as these ruffians but rarely take any interest in the racing.

Horses bred in France have met with but little success on English racecourses this year. Of foreign horses, the Austrian-bred Kinsem, a mare by Cambuscan, achieved the most important victory in the Goodwood Cup, although that race is of comparatively little value, and only three horses started for it this year. Another race meeting has been added to the already overgrown list, in Kempton Park, which promises to be a decided success. At the principal meetings throughout the country more and more money seems to be added to the stakes, and more and more people seem to attend races. Looking back on the past season, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that, whether for good or for evil, horse-racing is more popular and more prosperous in this country than it has ever been before.

## REVIEWS.

SYNESIUS BISHOP OF PTOLEMAIS.\*

THERE can be little doubt that M. Druon is right in thinking that, while the name of Synesius is generally known—that is, to scholars and divines—very few know anything about the man himself or his works. And he is unquestionably right in saying, what in the case of Synesius is exceptionally true, that his life explains his works and supplies the proper commentary on them. Milman, who naturally admires Synesius's philosophical and liberal tone of mind, devotes to him about two pages of the *History of Christianity*, where he is said—with somewhat questionable accuracy, as will appear presently—to have "become a Christian bishop without renouncing the habits, the language, and in a great degree the opinions of a philosopher." He adds, justly enough, that "his hymns are very interesting as illustrative of the state of religious sentiment, and by no means without beauty," but asks if "these dreary Platonic raptures" are to be called Christian poetry. Mrs. Browning, on the other hand, in the rather rambling *Study of Greek Christian Poets* inserted in the fourth volume of her poems, characteristically observes that "he was the chief, for true and natural gifts, of all our Greek Christian poets, and it was his choice to pray lyrically between the dew and the cloud rather than to preach dogmatically between the doxies"; and she proceeds to offer a metrical translation of two of his later and more definitely Christian odes. In her "Wine of Cyprus" occurs the stanza:—

And we both praised your Synesius,  
For the fire shot up his odes,  
Though the Church was scarce propitious  
As he whistled dogs and gods.

Mr. Kingsley in like manner introduces him as "the Squire Bishop" into *Hypatia*, where he refers to his "most charming letters," and praises him highly as a man, but is not far wrong in describing him as a man "with a very clear practical faculty, and a very muddy speculative one," though priding himself especially on the latter. And now we have probably recorded all and more than all that most educated men know about Synesius. Yet he deserves to be remembered for his own sake, and for the peculiar place he holds in the Church history of the fifth century, and M. Druon has done well to edit his works, though the preliminary "Study" will be likely to find more readers than the works themselves. The few indeed who desire to acquaint themselves with the poetical and philosophical musings of the worthy bishop—not that he was a bishop when he composed them—would probably and reasonably prefer to consult the original. The translator has done wisely in not attempting a metrical version of the hymns. The present volume is, we presume, though he does not say so, a second edition of his *Vie et Œuvres de Synésius*, published in 1859.

Synesius belongs to that comparatively select but not undistinguished class of which St. Ambrose is usually taken as the representative, who passed almost at a bound from Paganism to the episcopate. We cannot of course apply to such men the favourite sneer of contemporary Jacobites at Tillotson, who was accused, quite incorrectly, of having "become a father of the Church

\* *Œuvres de Synésius, Evêque de Ptolémaïs. Traduites entièrement, pour la première fois, en Français, et précédées d'une Étude biographique et littéraire, par H. Druon. Paris. 1878.*

without ever having been her son." But Synesius, like Ambrose, was only a catechumen when called to the metropolitan see of Ptolemais, and his ordination followed closely on his baptism. He was born at Cyrene, but there is no exact information as to the date of his birth; M. Druon places it, on plausible grounds, about 370 A.D. His family claimed descent from the Dorian invaders of Peloponnesus—the children of Hercules—who had emigrated from Greece with Battus a thousand years before, and colonized what was afterwards called the Pentapolis, on the coast of Africa. Synesius passed his boyhood at Cyrene, and seems to have followed a military career for a short time; but his tastes from the first were literary and intellectual, and in early youth he resorted to the famous schools of Alexandria, where he became a devoted and favourite pupil of Hypatia, whose influence over him only ended with his life. Her brilliant career and its terribly tragic close will be familiar to all Mr. Kingsley's readers, but the following sketch is worth reproducing here:—

Fille de Théon d'Alexandrie, célèbre mathématicien, Hypatie eut pour premier maître son père. Douée d'une rare intelligence, à l'âge où, d'ordinaire, on aborde à peine les sérieuses études, elle avait déjà approfondi les mathématiques et la philosophie. Dans le déclin des mœurs païennes, la femme, depuis longtemps, avait cessé de se renfermer dans l'intérieur du gynécée: à l'exemple d'Asclépiogénie, dont elle avait sans doute été la disciple à Athènes, avant de devenir son élève, Hypatie monta dans la chaire du professeur. Bientôt de nombreux auditeurs se pressèrent aux leçons de cette jeune fille, vêtue du manteau de philosophe. Elle éclipa les maîtres les plus savants; elle ne pouvait sortir qu'environnée d'une foule d'admirateurs qui lui faisaient cortège. Plus d'une fois elle dut s'arrêter sur la place publique pour expliquer Platon et Aristote. Sa beauté, sa science, le charme de sa parole, tout en elle justifiait ce titre de Muse que lui décerna souvent l'enthousiasme de ses contemporains. Les grâces de sa personne durent sans doute ajouter beaucoup aux séductions de son éloquence: comment ne point aimer la sagesse sortie d'une telle bouche? A l'admiration que faisait naître Hypatie se joignit souvent un sentiment plus tendre; elle l'inspira, mais sans l'éprouver jamais. En renonçant à cette existence obscure et modeste qui sied si bien à la femme, elle n'avait pas voulu garder les passions de son sexe; elle s'était retirée tout entière dans les choses de l'esprit. Nul soupçon contre la pureté de sa vie ne se mêla à ce concert d'applaudissements qui s'élevait vers elle d'une foule ardente et enivrée. Elle se maria, mais sans se donner jamais, dit-on, à son époux; la femme resta vierge: la jeune néoplatonicienne n'avait voulu voir dans le mariage qu'une union des intelligences.

From Alexandria Synesius went to Athens, where however his hopes were bitterly disappointed. "Perish," he cried, "the wretched pilot who conducted me hither! Athens has retained nothing of splendour, but a name that once was famous." He returned to Cyrene, and in 397, when the country had suffered from a double scourge of earthquake and locusts, was despatched by his fellow-citizens on an embassy to the Emperor Arcadius at Constantinople, where he was detained for three years. This long stay gave him abundant opportunity of hearing the sermons of the "golden-mouthed" St. Chrysostom, and Neander speaks of his praying in the churches and finding his prayers answered. At all events the first germs of Christian belief were apparently implanted in his mind at that period. He spoke with remarkable boldness before the Emperor on the responsibilities of sovereignty, but nevertheless won his approbation, and gained, as he tells us in his letters, great advantages for the Pentapolis. On his return he established a further claim on the gratitude of his countrymen by the active part he took in defending his native city against the inroads of the bands of barbarian brigands who infested the neighbourhood. But his own delight was in a retired life in the country, divided between hunting and philosophizing, or as Mrs. Browning puts it his "odes" and his "dogs." In 403 he again visited Alexandria, when he met not only Hypatia but the patriarch Theophilus, who appears to have gained a considerable influence over him, and he now formally became a Christian neophyte. Theophilus helped on his conversion by providing him with a Christian wife, to whom he became tenderly attached. On his return after two years to Cyrene, his military energies were once more brought into play in the siege of the city, and his country estate was occupied and pillaged by the invaders. Six years later, when according to M. Druon's reckoning he was close on forty years old, came the great crisis of his life. The Bishop of Ptolemais, who was metropolitan of the province of Cyrene, died, and the people elected Synesius his successor, quite as much probably on account of the civil and military capacity he had shown as from religious reasons; for in those days "the episcopal office was a sort of magistracy" over and above its directly spiritual functions. But Synesius, who, according to Evagrius, "had not yet received the sacrament of regeneration," was by no means eager to accept the honours thus abruptly thrust upon him. He thought himself unworthy of so high and sacred an office, and moreover his marriage was in the way, and he had doctrinal difficulties. He still adhered to the Platonic notion of the pre-existence of souls, he believed in the eternity of matter, and had doubts about the resurrection. The elder clergy, however, pressed the acceptance of the post upon him, and declared that the Holy Spirit who had begun a good work in him would certainly complete it, and his episcopal consecration would make a new man of him. His friend Theophilus, to whom he candidly stated his difficulties, urged the same advice, and finally consecrated him at Alexandria in 410, after he had spent some months there with him.

The question at once arises whether Synesius really became a bishop, as Milman says, without renouncing his semi-pagan opinions, and without separating from his wife. Chateaubriand, who is followed by Villemain, says "On lui laissa sa femme et ses opinions, et on le fit évêque," and we know from his own letters

that he said, when first elected, "God Himself and the law have given me a wife by the sacred hand of Theophilus, and I declare that I will not separate from her." M. Druon however joins issue on both points. As regards the wife, he relies chiefly on the unvarying rule of the age—to which there is no recorded exception—forbidding bishops to marry, or, if married, to retain their wives, and on the fact that his subsequent letters contain no mention of her. On the other point there is the direct testimony, *valet quantum*, of Photius and Evagrius, that after his baptism his faith was absolute and unreserved. His biographer thus sums up the matter:—

Il se sépara donc de sa femme, dont ses lettres et ses ouvrages ne nous entretiennent plus désormais. Il avait voulu se voir entouré de nombreux enfants; quand il eut perdu les fils qui lui étaient nés avant son entrée dans le sacerdoce, il resta seul. Enfin, dans les écrits qu'il composa après son élévation à l'épiscopat, malgré quelques expressions empruntées à ses anciens souvenirs, on ne trouve aucune trace de doctrines contraires aux dogmes chrétiens; le philosophe paraît encore, mais se confondant cette fois avec l'évêque réellement orthodoxe. A moins de le déclarer hypocrite, comment s'expliquer la rigueur qu'il déploya plus tard dans son diocèse contre les hérétiques? La conformité de son langage avec la foi catholique dut être sincère; car rien ne nous autorise à croire qu'il ait pu, qu'il ait voulu jamais déguiser sa pensée. Lui-même avait dit: "J'en prends à témoin Dieu et les hommes: si jamais je suis élevé à l'épiscopat, je ne feindrai pas d'adhérer à des dogmes que je n'admettrais point; je ne cacherai point mes croyances, et jamais ma bouche ne contredira mon cœur."

Of his vigorous and conscientious discharge of his episcopal duties there can at all events be no room for doubt. His fearless reprimand and final excommunication of the savage tyrant, Andronicus, governor of the Pentapolis, commands, as it deserves, the warm admiration of writers like Milman and Neander, not much given to approval of such acts of ecclesiastical authority. M. Druon quotes the decree in full:—

"L'Eglise de Ptolemais adresse à toutes les Eglises de la terre, ses sœurs, le décret suivant: Qu'Andronicus, Thoas et leurs complices ne trouvent aucun temple ouvert; que toutes les demeures sacrées, tous les lieux saints leur soient fermés. Le démon n'a point de place dans le paradis: s'il y entre furtivement, on l'en chasse. Je prescris donc aux simples citoyens et aux magistrats de ne point partager avec eux le même toit ni la même table; je le prescris surtout aux prêtres, qui devront ne point les saluer pendant leur vie, ni leur accorder après la mort les honneurs de la sépulture. Si quelqu'un méprise notre Eglise particulière, à cause du peu d'importance de la ville, et recueille ceux qu'elle excommunique, comme s'il était dispensé de lui obéir parce qu'elle est pauvre, qu'il sache que c'est diviser l'Eglise, une, d'après la volonté du Christ. Quel qu'il soit, lévite, prêtre ou évêque, nous le mettrons au rang d'Andronicus, nous ne lui donnerons point la main, nous ne mangerons point à la même table, bien loin de nous associer dans la célébration des saints mystères à quiconque aura pris le parti d'Andronicus ou de Thoas."

It was perfectly successful. Andronicus fell into disgrace with the court, was deprived of his office, and reduced to extreme distress, whereupon the bishop received and sheltered him, and commended him to the charity of Theophilus. He was a firm upholder of the orthodox faith against Arianism, but sternly repressed all attempts to persecute heretics either in their persons or their property. Curiously enough there is the same uncertainty about the date of his death as about that of his birth. M. Druon thinks his episcopate lasted only three years, and that he died in 413, soon after the death of his third son, but there is no proof of this beyond the negative evidence of his latest extant letter, addressed to Hypatia, bearing that date. At the Council of Ephesus in 431 another bishop, Eupotius, represented the see of Ptolemais, and the death of Synesius must therefore have occurred somewhere between those dates. It is commonly placed in 430, and Eupotius is supposed to have been his brother. But this also is a mere conjecture.

We have not left ourselves much room for discussing the writings of Synesius. The "charming letters" and the hymns are undoubtedly the most interesting of these, though we are hardly prepared to rate the latter as highly as Mrs. Browning, or indeed Casaubon, who calls him *piarum musarum delitium*. There are one hundred and fifty-seven letters extant, ranging from 394 to 413, but the text is in a very unsettled state. They throw a good deal of light on the manners of the age, and the contemporary state of the Church. There is by the way something rather amusing in M. Druon's surprise at so elevated a member of the hierarchy reserving all his homage for the patriarch of Alexandria, while "of the prince of bishops, the pontiff who at Rome protects the tombs of the Apostles against the barbarians, there is not a single word." He can only account for it by the good bishop's ignorance of Latin. It seems never to have occurred to him that the Roman pontiff by no means occupied the same place in the estimate of a prelate of the fifth century, especially an Eastern prelate, as in that of a modern Ultramontane. As regards the hymns M. Druon agrees with Milman that their prevailing tone is more that of pagan philosophy than of Christianity, some three or four only belonging to the latter class; most of them were written before his conversion, and are merely a versified form of his philosophical ideas. In short he cannot fairly be considered, like Gregory of Nazianzus for instance, a Christian poet. In his philosophy Synesius was rather a disciple than a teacher, and did little more than reproduce—muddily as Mr. Kingsley phrases it—the ideas of his masters. He had a taste rather than a genius for metaphysics, and he formed no school. His principal works of this kind are the treatises *On Providence* and *On Dreams*, both of which are more literary than philosophical; neither of them is definitely theistic, still less Christian. The deity of the *Treatise on Providence* is an otiose, hardly a personal power, a kind of *Anima Mundi*; the *Treatise on Dreams* is an ingenious, not to say sophis-



tical, work which can hardly be meant to be taken seriously; there is not the faintest trace of Christian ideas in it. The writings of Synesius, in fact, with the inconsiderable exception of two or three of the later hymns, some fragments of homilies, and the two *Catastases*, represent the phase of thought which it has lately become the fashion to call "Hellenism." The literary cult of Paganism remains, but all religious belief in the divinities of Olympus is extinct. Had Synesius lived in our day he would have been hailed by Mr. Matthew Arnold as the ideal Bishop, the mitred apostle of the "sweet reasonableness" of culture and of Christ. Only a Bishop of our own day could hardly have had the Pagan training requisite to fit him for that doubtful preeminence.

#### WILLIAM HARVEY.\*

MORE than thirty years ago the works of William Harvey were edited and translated by Dr. Willis for the Sydenham Society; and a correct version of the writings of the great English physiologist was thus rendered accessible for the first time to the majority of his countrymen. To this edition of Harvey's works the translator prefixed a notice of the author's life, which, however, he was prevented from making as complete as he wished by the pressure of general practice. But fortunately the leisure of later years has enabled Dr. Willis to produce the present volume, which leaves little to be desired, whether regarded as a biography of Harvey or as a history of the discovery associated with his name; and the author is to be congratulated on the worthy fulfilment of a purpose which he tells us he has cherished for half a lifetime.

Although most educated persons are aware that Harvey was the first to announce the fact of the circulation of the blood, the ideas they have on the whole subject may safely be pronounced vague in the extreme. Comparatively few really know the precise nature of Harvey's discovery, and it is by no means a matter of general information that scarcely had his views met with acceptance from anatomists when his claims to originality were called in question. Persistent efforts have over and over again been made by many Continental writers, and especially by Italians, to ascribe the discovery—or at least a knowledge—of the circulation of the blood to workers in the field of physiology long prior to Harvey; and two years ago Professor Cerdadini, of Genoa, made a violent attempt, not merely to prove that the title of discoverer of the circulation of the blood was due to Cesalpino, the founder of scientific botany, but that Harvey had basely availed himself of the labours of the Italian *savant* without acknowledgment. It was therefore high time that a complete vindication of Harvey's rights should be made public; and no one could be more thoroughly fitted for the task than the learned translator of his works. Dr. Willis devotes the first three sevenths of his book to a sketch of what had been published on the movement of the blood before the days of Harvey by philosophers, physicians, and anatomists, from Plato to Rudius; and we think that few will read those chapters without being convinced that Harvey owed but little to the labours or suggestions of his predecessors. It is unquestionably true that, read by the light of Harvey's discovery, it is easy to discern in the writings of ancient and mediæval authors what seem to be statements of the fact that the blood circulates through the body; and consequently, Plato and Hippocrates among the ancients, and Serretus, Colombo, and Cesalpino among later writers, have been credited with a perfect knowledge of all that Harvey was the first to announce in distinct terms. The disputes that have taken place on this subject afford a striking illustration of the tendency of confusion of language to lead to confusion of thought. Had the writers who have claimed the honour of the discovery for others than Harvey really understood the meaning of the word *discovery* and the nature of Harvey's title to be considered the discoverer, it is impossible to believe that they could have committed themselves so far as to ascribe it to any of his predecessors. Science clearly distinguishes between guessing and discovering; and a critical examination of the statements made by the older anatomists, which have been held to imply a knowledge of the circulation as announced by Harvey, discloses them to be nothing but vague guesses, which had so little influence on the minds of the authors themselves that they constantly make use of other expressions plainly indicating total ignorance of the facts propounded by the English physiologist.

It is not a little difficult to make out what was the prevalent state of opinion concerning the motion of the blood before the publication of Harvey's *Exercise on the Motion of the Heart and Blood in Animals*. Judging from the views combated in the introduction to that masterpiece of inductive reasoning, it would appear as if the anatomists of the period held that respiration and the pulsation of the heart and arteries exercised in common the function of cooling and ventilating the blood, air being sucked into the arteries during their expansion, and "fuliginous vapours" expelled from them when they contracted. But not only was it thought that the arteries cooled the body generally as the lungs cooled the heart; another function of a precisely opposite character was ascribed to them. Taking their origin from the heart, or workshop for the elaboration of heat and vital spirits, they carried the spiritualized blood to all parts of the body to cherish their heat. It was further held that the arteries drew the spiritual

blood from the heart after the manner of bellows, but that nevertheless the heart expanded and contracted simultaneously with the arteries; no account being taken of the physical impossibility of such a process. Such was the character of the doctrines refuted by Harvey in the introduction to his great work; and it has always appeared to us that not even the difficulty he had in getting his views accepted is a better argument for his originality than the fact that he was never accused of having there misrepresented current opinion.

Those who have maintained that Cesalpino is entitled to be regarded as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood have claimed this honour for him on two separate grounds. One is the undoubted fact that he was the first to make use of the term "circulation" in reference to the movement of the blood from the right to the left side of the heart by way of the lungs. The other is a passage in his work *De Plantis*, which we quote from Dr. Willis:—

In animals we see aliment brought from the veins to the heart as to the laboratory of the native heat, and having there acquired its final perfection, distributed by the arteries to the whole body by the agency of the spirit which is there engendered from the same alimentary matter.—P. 127.

Both of those arguments in favour of Cesalpino's claims are conclusively shown by Dr. Willis to be worthless. With regard to the former he says:—

The word *circulation* is, in fact, misapplied by Cesalpino. "*Conversion*" (i.e. circulation), says Aristotle, "is motion from itself into itself . . . but motion in the *straight* is from itself into another." Now the motion from the right to the left side of the heart is not circular, but direct.—P. 118.

The latter is refuted out of Cesalpino's own mouth:—

The office of the veins, says Cesalpino, elsewhere, is this, "that they should carry blood to all parts of the body for their nourishment; for these are nourished by the blood alone. Therefore it is that nature has instituted the hollow veins for this special duty, and that, like rivulets, they run through the body." Need I add that he who has the hollow veins as distributors of the blood for the nourishment of the body can have no conception of the Harveian Circulation?—P. 121.

Harvey's discovery was that the whole mass of the blood was propelled from the left side of the heart through the arteries, that it was carried to the right side of the heart by the veins, that the circle was completed by its being returned to the left side of the heart through the lungs, and that this circular motion was incessant. That the theory was new and startling, and that it would meet with violent opposition, its author was fully convinced. In the eighth chapter of his *Exercise* we find him expressing no doubt that the passage of the blood from the one set of vessels into the other would be admitted by his contemporaries, this fragment of his theory having been maintained by Galen and Realdo Colombo. The part of his doctrine that he fears will bring on him the enmity of mankind is that which maintains the whole mass of the blood to be in perpetual circular motion. But the medical world seems to have been so staggered by such revolutionary views, that two years elapsed before anything was published in opposition. Then, first from Paris, and shortly afterwards from Venice and Nuremberg, were issued defences of the older physiology and attacks on Harvey. Caspar Hoffmann, who wrote from the last-mentioned town, had been Harvey's fellow-student at Padua, and was a man of such reputation that Harvey could not allow his remarks to pass unnoticed. He therefore wrote to him, deprecating misrepresentation, and offering to demonstrate the truth of what he had published. If, however, Harvey shared the common lot of disturbers of established opinions, he is also to be regarded as singularly fortunate in having lived to see his doctrine triumphant over opposition and accepted by almost all competent judges of its truth. Not ten years after the publication of his views, Descartes gave in his adherence to them; and anatomists throughout Europe began to swear by Harvey instead of Galen. Vesling of Padua exposed the fallacy of the attacks made by Primerose of Paris; Riverius taught and defended the circulation of the blood from the Chair of Medicine in the University of Montpellier; and as Riolan, the Professor of Anatomy in the University of Paris, continued to teach the older views of function, a second Chair of Anatomy was instituted in the Jardin du Roi, from which Pierre Dionis instructed admiring crowds of students in accordance with the Harveian doctrine.

Although the demonstrations of Harvey placed beyond reasonable doubt the identity of the venous and arterial blood, absolute proof of this was at that time impossible. It could doubtless be shown that ligation of a main artery in its continuity was followed by cessation of the flow of blood in the corresponding veins; but how the blood got from the arteries into the veins, and how the bright arterial blood was transformed into the dark venous blood, remained absolute mysteries. Harvey thought that part of the blood flowed directly from the arteries into the veins, and that the remainder oozed through the pores of the tissues from the one set of vessels into the other. But he admits that he had never been able to trace any direct connexion between arteries and veins; and it is not claimed for him that his lucky guess anticipated the demonstrations of Suequet, by whom such communication was proved to exist in a few regions of the body. Until the invention of the microscope, the existence of the capillary vessels was insusceptible of proof, and to have guessed it would have added nothing to Harvey's fame. Four years after his death, Malpighi detected the capillaries in the frog's lung, and seven years subsequently they were described by Leeuwenhoek, who was apparently ignorant that Malpighi had forestalled him. The path taken by the blood was thus fully demonstrated. Until this was done it

\* *William Harvey: a History of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood.* By R. Willis, M.D. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

was quite competent for the opponents of Harvey to maintain that it was possible that the arterial blood underwent metamorphosis into the solid tissues, and that the venous blood represented the product of a secondary tissue-change. This objection actually was raised; and even the discovery of the capillary vessels has not prevented its being revived at a comparatively recent date. Harvey's attempt to explain the change of colour was unfortunate. He held that the blood of the arteries was the brighter because it had been strained through the lungs; and, as a proof of the soundness of this view, cites the experience of physicians, that when a patient is bled the stream is dark and rapid at first, and bright towards the end of the operation, when the sluggish flow permits of more thorough filtration. Richard Lower, another Englishman, was the first to prove that the florid colour of arterial blood was due to its exposure to the air in the lungs; and it certainly seems strange that the idea had not been suggested long before by the familiar fact that blood drawn from the veins and exposed to the air soon changed its colour for that of the "spiritualized blood" of the arteries. Still more curious is it that an acute reasoner like Harvey did not perceive the logical consequence of his view concerning it—namely, that, if true, the venous blood, having been strained through the tissues, would be of a still brighter hue than the arterial.

We have derived so much pleasure from reading Dr. Willis's book that it is with reluctance we point out what seem to us blemishes of no trifling order. More than fifty years ago it was pointed out by Lord Macaulay that, just as almost every mechanical employment was the means of producing some disease in the artisan, so was the biographer liable to be smitten with the *lues Boswelliana*, or disease of admiration. That Dr. Willis is no exception to this rule is pretty plainly shown by the following extract from his work:

To conclude with this part of our subject, how shall we think too highly of him who descanting on "nature as ever perfect and divine, doing nothing in vain, neither giving a heart where it was not wanted, nor withholding it where its office was required," goes on to say, "but by the same stages in the development of every animal, passing through the constitutions of all, I may say—ovum, worm, embryo—it acquires additional perfection in each." Have we not here the first brief intimation of the great Evolution Theory, that has been as a new revelation in the physics of life to our modern world?—P. 209.

We confess that we are unable to discover in the passage indicated any foreshadowing of the theory which has been placed on a scientific basis by Mr. Darwin, any more than we can find the Harveian doctrine of the circulation of the blood intimated in the usual quotations from Cesalpino. Had this been the only instance of the effects of *lues Boswelliana*, it might have passed unnoticed. But the following extract shows a more pernicious result:—

The chest of a living animal having been laid open, and the pericardium removed, says Harvey, proceeding to his own views of the motions of the heart and blood, the heart is seen to be alternately in action and at rest; three principal incidents being then to be noted. Firstly, it becomes erect, strikes the chest, and gives a beat. Secondly, it is constricted in every direction—it has become notably shorter and narrower.—P. 187.

It is to the last passage that we take exception. We are warranted in assuming from it that Harvey distinctly maintained that the heart shortens during its systole. That it does so is now incontestably established; but we were under the impression that Harvey was by no means definite on what was long a moot point in physiology. Turning to Dr. Willis's translation of 1847, we find it said:—

2. That it is everywhere contracted, but more especially towards the sides, so that it looks narrower, relatively longer, more drawn together.—P. 21.

Now, even if we admit that Harvey here means to assert that actual shortening of the heart takes place, it cannot be pretended that it is otherwise than by implication. The expression is very different from a distinct statement that "it has become notably shorter."

We must here take leave of Dr. Willis. His book will doubtless find numerous readers, and we trust that some at least may be led by it to study the much praised and little read works of William Harvey.

#### TRAVELS OF DR. AND MADAME HELFER.\*

FIVE-AND-FORTY years ago a young physician of Prague, Dr. Johann Wilhelm Helfer, an enthusiast for natural history and foreign travel, had the good fortune to meet with a young German lady of high connexions and congenial tastes, to whom, after a year's courtship, he was married in June 1834. An instinctive dislike to a settled professional calling had been strengthened by a few years' travel, after obtaining his degree, in Italy and Sicily, where he gave himself up to enriching his entomological and botanical collections, and to studying the remains of ancient art. Ardent in the desire to break loose from the trammels of a profession to which even an opening for success beyond the average failed to reconcile him, Dr. Helfer found his wife fall at once into the scheme of travel and exploration which alone seemed fitted to

satisfy his longings. Whither to turn was the first question with the eager and sympathetic young couple. Asia, as having been less fully explored than many other parts of the world, and as the special field of Helfer's youthful dreams, at length carried the day. His talent for collecting and turning to account the treasures of nature would supply one means of supplementing his limited patrimony; whilst his medical knowledge might be depended upon to bring him profit no less than respect, especially in the East. The staff of Esculapius, he reasoned, forms a better weapon and a more effectual aid for the European traveller than the best revolver or the most ample purse. Smyrna would, he thought, be the most suitable port for gaining a footing on the soil of Asia. In that half-European, half-Asiatic city he could acclimatize himself, transform himself into a semi-Asiatic, and then push further eastward as fortune might point the way. His wife, who had as a girl come under the notice of the Princess Marianne, consort of Prince William, brother of Frederick William III., was summoned to Berlin to introduce her husband to her Royal patroness, who showed the greatest interest in their plans of travel, and bespoke reports from time to time of their progress, together with their personal observations on the condition of Christians in the East. Excellent introductions were secured by this visit to Berlin. All the necessities that would be required for a period of settled housekeeping at Smyrna were carefully collected and packed, with the invaluable help of Lotty, a brisk, cheerful, handy orphan, educated beyond the standard of servants in general, who refused to be left behind, who turned up in every strait with unflinching courage and resource, and who, when engaged to a thriving German baker during their subsequent stay at Smyrna, could with difficulty be dissuaded from following in preference her beloved mistress's wanderings.

The experiences of this adventurous pair are recorded by Mme. Helfer, with the exception of a short extract from the journal of her husband. His life was suddenly and prematurely cut short by the poisoned arrow of a native of the Andaman Islands. The scientific results of his travels had been embodied in reports to the Government of Calcutta, as well as in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. They consisted chiefly of his observations upon the geography, the natural history, and the resources of the Tenasserim provinces, the peninsula of Malacca, the Mergui Archipelago, and the Andamans. Many of these papers were afterwards translated into German by Count Marschall for the Imperial Geographical Society of Vienna. The earlier portion of his journals was unfortunately lost in the *Tigris*. Landing from Smyrna at Aleppo and pushing on to the Euphrates, the travellers had made acquaintance at Port William with Lieutenant Lynch, who was about to join the expedition under Colonel Chesney for the exploration of the Euphrates. Introduced by him to the Colonel, they eagerly accepted the invitation to take passage on board his ship, the *Euphrates*. Both vessels had been sent out in pieces, and put together on the banks of the river. Helfer's narrative of the voyage down stream, with its struggles and mishaps, the courage and resource of the officers in command, and the foundering of the ill-fated *Tigris* in a dust storm, recalls Colonel Chesney's almost forgotten tale of the gallant enterprise, the results of which have thus far been practically nothing. He had, it appears, promised the Colonel not to make public any notice of his own until the Colonel's official report should have been published, which was not until the year 1868; and it was not till then that his widow, now by a second marriage the Countess Pauline Nostitz, felt herself at liberty to put forth the memoir which is now submitted to the English public, with a commendatory preface by the veteran geographer Ferdinand Hochstetter. The tone of the narrative is throughout lively and vigorous, free from egotism, and marked as well by a genuine relish for adventure and the charms of travel, as by affectionate loyalty to a man who in turn showed himself thoroughly worthy of it. On embarking at Smyrna on the threshold of their adopted home in the East, this spirited helpmate laid aside the costume of her sex, adopting like her husband the Mameluke dress as best satisfying the varied conditions of comfort and convenience, cutting short with her own hands the thick hair which could not possibly be thrust under the Persian cap. The most exciting part of the book is that which traces the British expedition down the Euphrates, telling of many a hairbreadth escape from flood and savage foe. The characteristic physical features on either side of the renowned stream, and the relics of bygone civilization to which its banks bear witness, together with its capacities for renewed culture and development, struck the travellers' eyes. The ruins of Jerablous, the ancient Hierapolis, could not fail of notice, though as yet the discovery had not been made that here was the long lost site of Carchemish, the centre of the great Hittite empire. The Salt Lake of El-Malak, with the great chain of basaltic hills which traverses the middle of the plain, besides rich collections of plants and insects, yielded interesting signs of high civilization. Terraces were found cut in the hills, with towers, pyramids, and pillars, forming of old a most extensive border fortress upon the high plateau land, which had never been trodden, the natives said, in modern times by the foot of a European. On the traces of the fine military road that led to it were curious groups of circular caves hollowed out in the rock, thirty feet or so in depth, with separate rooms and fireplaces, in number sufficient to accommodate a village of a thousand inhabitants. Several inscriptions in Greek, too fragmentary to be of much importance, were copied by Dr. Helfer. A Maltese cross indicates a settlement of Christians at some later period. Below the castle of Kalat-en-Nejm, not

\* *Travels of Dr. and Madame Helfer in Syria, Mesopotamia, Burmah, and other Lands.* Narrated by Pauline, Countess Nostitz (formerly Madame Helfer), and rendered into English by Mrs. George Sturge. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1878.



then marked on the map, were found Greek or Roman foundations, overlaid by Arab fortifications. Traditions or vestiges were reported of a bridge over the river in Roman times, and even of a tunnel to the Mesopotamian side. As the ineradicable hostility of the natives to foreigners made it visibly hopeless for Helfer to realize his idea of settling at Bushire with the object of practising his profession in Persia, he gladly embraced the offer of a passage to Calcutta in the *George Bentinck*, and entered upon a new phase of adventure.

After the first embarrassments and discomfitures incident to a start with slender means and no formal introductions in a society so exceptional as that of Calcutta, Helfer's talents became sufficiently appreciated to obtain him a commission from Government to explore and report upon the provinces in the peninsula of Malacca, which had been not long before conquered from the kingdom of Burmah. Here he found the wished-for opportunity of penetrating into regions unknown to Europeans and of enlarging the boundaries of natural science. The wealth and variety of the forms of life with which the Malay peninsula and the adjacent islands reward the research of naturalists opened to him a perfect paradise of enjoyment. With an energy that rose superior to all risks of climate, of native hostility, of tigers, snakes, and other formidable denizens of the jungle, he and his undaunted wife made their way with a slender escort, now reduced to a handful of rice a day, now lost in a labyrinth of elephant tracks and parched with tropical thirst, now half devoured by white ants, or in more serious danger from fierce or fanatical natives. There is a most interesting account of the little-known Karen race, their superstitions, social usages, and capabilities. Docile, mild, and in general truthful and trustworthy, they are of the stuff to make useful servants, and to improve indefinitely under European superintendence. These simple followers of Buddha know nothing of caste, and are tolerant of other religions. They hold their priests, or pomgys, in the highest reverence, as is shown in the curious custom of blowing their dead bodies, with great solemnity, to the winds by gunpowder. Dr. Helfer's reports speak highly of the natural resources of British Burmah. His expectations of finding coal were realized, to his infinite delight, on the banks of a tributary of the Tenasserim. Another interesting discovery was that of a mountain of native magnetic ore or loadstone, near the Salween River, believed by the Karens to be haunted by gnomes, who permit no man to leave it who intrudes upon its sacred summit. No part of the book surpasses in interest the account of the model plantation at Mergui, which Mme. Helfer strove with characteristic spirit, by the help of her brother, to keep up after her husband's death. On the refusal of a grant from the Board of Directors, though it was strongly urged by Lord Auckland, the aid of private capital was sought, but in the end the plantation had to be given up. In the meanwhile, ill health compelling her return to Europe, the intrepid traveller found herself famous. Baron Bunsen took her to Court, and the Prince Consort talked with her on Indian affairs. At Potsdam an equally flattering reception awaited her. Humboldt discoursed with her at the Royal supper-table, and King Frederick William made overtures for the purchase of the Mergui farm. The presentation of her natural history collection to the Berlin Museum led to an acquaintance with the shy and reserved custodian, Count Nostitz, which resulted in a happy union, broken, we regret to read, by the Count's death in the year 1871. We are grateful for some interesting episodes of her childhood with which the writer supplements her work. The flood of French invasion swept over the village in which stood the château of M. Desgranges, her father, a gentleman of French descent and Republican principles, but loyal to the land which his forefathers had for generations made their home. Here he did good service by mediating between the hostile generals, and information supplied by him to his kinsman General Bülow largely contributed to the victory of Luckau, June 4, 1813. The battle was watched by the children with breathless suspense from the castle tower. To early experiences like this the author justly traces the fearlessness and love of adventure which marked her character through life.

The translation of Mme. Helfer's book is fairly done, excepting here and there cases where the text becomes inaccurate or the sense confused. We are at a loss in some places whether to throw the blame upon author or translator. If "affection for parents and brothers and sisters absorbs all the tenderness of the female heart," how are we to understand that "a mother's love often becomes a passion"? Of a certain Armenian priest we are puzzled to hear that, "our host ostentatiously pressing him, he filled one bumper after another which he swallowed with averted face." We share the bewilderment of sundry Arabs on being told of pistols "which would kill two persons at once without firelock." "Rhinosceros" occurs in too many places for us to charge the printer with the supernumerary letter, though he may be to blame for shortening Ammianus Marcellinus into "Marcellus." It can have needed but little thought to see that "Sir Edward Pehyn" could not by any possibility have been Lord Chief Justice of Calcutta, and not much trouble to ascertain that Sir Edward Ryan was the judge intended. The work of this fine old German lady ought to have been thought worthy of the utmost pains that could be bestowed upon it to fit it for the English public.

## ON FOOT THROUGH SPAIN.\*

IT was hardly to be expected that Major Campion's book on Spain should have the exciting interest of his thrilling adventures "On the Frontier." He came across neither buffaloes on the stampede nor Indians on the war-path between the pleasant watering-place of San Sebastian on the Bay of Biscay and the great Catalonian seaport of Barcelona. He did not even fall among the brigands, or the "rateros," who seem to be indigenous to too many of the Spanish sierras, although he was warned that he ran a sensible danger from these knights errant of the roads. Yet he laid himself out for as much of adventure and incident as is compatible with touring in a country that claims credit for civilization. In the first place he determined on making his pilgrimage on foot, carrying his modest personal luggage on his shoulders. A bolder idea has seldom been originated, for the Peninsula is emphatically the country of *caballeros*. Ford, who in his day knew it as well as anybody, pronounced walking to be altogether out of the question. If you cared to take your exercise on foot, diverging from the bridle-paths to enjoy the scenery, you must at least have a horse led in state behind you. Otherwise the semi-oriental Spaniards would eye you askance as a most suspicious character, and the probability was that keepers of places of entertainment would decline to receive you on any terms within their gates. If Ford's warning on this point was as sound as his counsels generally—and our own early experiences entirely confirmed it—things must have changed greatly of late years. Major Campion underwent a good deal of fatigue, and had occasionally to put up with considerable hardships; but he had seldom reason to complain of any lack of courtesy, and his journey on the whole proved surprisingly comfortable. Moreover, no traveller in Spain, hardly excepting George Borrow, or the accomplished author of *Among the Spanish People*, whose loss we have lately had occasion to regret, has mixed more familiarly with the lower orders, or given himself more habitual opportunities of studying their habits.

Very few men would have cared to undertake so formidable a journey under conditions so trying, and fewer still would have thoroughly enjoyed it. Though Major Campion cut down his travelling wardrobe to the very limits of the strictly indispensable, yet, as his equipment included a gun, ammunition, and a greatcoat, he was pretty heavily weighted. The marches were long, although, as the season was winter, the heat was rarely oppressive, and he never suffered severely from thirst. But it is hard to toil on an empty stomach, harder still to appreciate the beauties of nature when under grave anxiety as to one's breakfast; and his chances of satisfying his hunger were always extremely precarious. *Ventas* and *Fondas* lay widely apart, and in the thinly populated districts they were conspicuous by their absence; not unfrequently there was next to nothing in the larders, and in such cases he had to fall back on the hospitality of the peasants, whose will was often better than their means. Occasionally there was nothing for it but what he calls, in West American parlance, a self-denying repast of two courses—taking up a hole in his belt and following that up with a pipe of tobacco. But what to many men would have been even more disagreeable was the company in which he constantly found himself. Naturally the *ventas* on the wayside and in the villages were frequented by people of the lowest class. He dropped in on a group of neighbours crowded together on settles under the great hood of the chimney-place; and sometimes the party consisted of the roughest of the rough. Generally their manners were civil and decent; but even then that sort of society must have palled on a man of education and refinement. Besides, unless you are really the only guest, there is no such thing recognized as meals apart; and he might have to take his seat at the rude board with companions who dispensed even with plates, helping themselves from the common platter. Major Campion, however, as a veteran citizen of the world, invariably rose to the occasion. He had a ready word and a ready joke for everybody; fortunately he appears to have been at home in Spanish, thanks no doubt to his former experiences on the Mexican frontier, and he had no false shame in airing his phrases of Basque and practising colloquial speech in that ancient language. The peasants, although they might be suspicious and reserved at first, thawed to the hearty warmth of the stranger; and when once at their ease they cross-examined him with a severity which left the proverbial inquisitiveness of the Yankee far behind; while, on the other hand, in their innocent credulity, they might, he says, have been induced to receive for gospel any tale from the *Arabian Nights* had he chosen to lay the scene of it in England. Nor did he stop short at making himself agreeable in conversation. Spaniards of all ranks are madly fond of dancing, and, if the rudest kind of music is at hand, are ready to "take the floor" at a moment's notice. The *jota*, which in some respects resembles a jig, is the dance most in favour in the Northern provinces. It has the great advantage of admitting any variety of step; the more exuberant you are in action, so long as you keep time to the music, the surer you are of achieving a supreme success. Major Campion's varied practice elsewhere made him the star of the evening. He mixed up the jig and reel with a dash of the Mexican fandango; threw in some artistic flourishes from the *cancan*, winding up with an Indian war-whoop that invariably "brought down the house." Naturally you need not stand upon ceremony, but may dance up to any lady

\* *On Foot through Spain*. By Major Campion, Author of "On the Frontier," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1878.

in the room, challenging her to enter the lists in what is really a test of endurance. Should she show bashful reluctance, you assume that she is feigning it, and lay gently violent hands on her forthwith. Then it becomes a contest of wind and muscle, and it says much for Major Campion's stamina and pluck that in the intervals of the severe daily exercise he was taking he invariably came off with credit and honour. Considering the habit of the Spanish peasants of working, sleeping, and working again indifferently without making any change in their raiment, and their consistent neglect of the most superficial ablutions, we should have fancied that a *figurant* in those low-roofed assembly rooms was likely to be quickly disenchanted. We would rather on the whole dip in the same bowl with a Spanish beggar than dance out a *jota* with one of the Spanish *Maritornes*. But Major Campion, fortunately for himself, was superior to over-fastidious susceptibilities, and besides he saw everything in rose-colour. Our own idea has always been, and we have seen something of the so-called belles of the Peninsula, that, though their figures are almost invariably good, the looks with which they have been credited are delusive. You search in vain in the streets, in the villages, or in the salons for the originals of those bewitching faces by Murillo, where the beauty of woman is indefinitely refined by some faint reflection of beatified sanctity. But Major Campion stumbled across beauties everywhere. Now he is welcomed by a superb hostess merely inclining slightly to *embonpoint*. Now the maid of his inn is possessed of such unparalleled attractions as to be on the point of succeeding when she makes a formal proposal to him. And wherever he takes up his abode in the towns, whether in boarding-house or hotel, he almost invariably falls on his feet among groups of sisters who dazzle him with the radiance of their eyes, while they range from the pretty to the lovely.

Our author admits at the same time that Spanish middle-class society is, to say the least of it, exceedingly "mixed," showing inconsistencies which at first sight are surprising and even shocking. Thus girls of more than respectable position, who have been well educated and brought up, and whom he credits with purity of actual conduct, are anything but prudish in their easy relations with casual acquaintances of the opposite sex; while they use language, as a matter of course, which should make them blush if they really understood its meaning. Major Campion himself, arriving as a stranger on foot, in a weather-beaten suit of tweed which was barely a voucher for his respectability, was made courteously welcome wherever he chose to put up. Forthwith he became free of the house, and had the *entrée* to the family circle. The evenings were merrily killed with dances and impromptu musical parties, when the fun finally became fast and furious. Such a life must be by no means an unpleasant one to the people it happens to suit. Besides giving the stranger unlimited occasions for fun and flirtation, it enabled him to form agreeable and useful acquaintances among his own sex. Almost all the *casas de huéspedes* where the traveller made his halts were freely patronized by military men in garrison; and nothing impressed him more favourably than the hearty good-fellowship they struck up with the foreigner in shabby costume. At Pamplona a young dandy in one of the crack regiments not only insisted on acting as cicerone to him over the fortifications, but subsequently proposed an adjournment to the promenade which was the resort of all the beauty and fashion of the place. It is difficult to conceive the most simple-mannered young lieutenant of light dragoons in England behaving in a similar way with the same evident absence of self-consciousness. Major Campion can only explain the fact by supposing that the high-bred Spaniard feels so assured of his social position that he can afford to behave as he pleases on the strength of it.

We have always taken it for granted, nor have our personal experiences gone far to shake us in the belief, that the Peninsula is the land of rough living and short commons. The national *puchero* is succulent, though monotonous; but, with the exception of the best hotels in the South, we have dined for the most part exceedingly badly. Cookery must have improved of late years, and the larders must be more generously supplied, or else Major Campion must have been exceptionally fortunate. Of course now and again he came very badly off. But repeatedly, on the other hand, and that too in the least likely places, he came on impromptu banquets that might rather have reminded him of Camacho's flesh-pots than of the curd and cow-heel for which Don Quixote and his squire had often reason to be thankful. Once, for example, in the beginning of his wanderings, he had to summon all his ready resources to meet a most unexpected strain upon them. He had dropped into a rather unpromising-looking hovel, where the host had confidently undertaken to serve him with breakfast forthwith. First came an excellent soup, though olive-oil was the staple ingredient, and with that and the accompanying leaf he made a fairly satisfactory repast; when he was agreeably surprised to find it followed up by a savoury *puchero* of sausages stewed in vegetables, and, on the principle of Major Dalgetty, who laid in "provant" for the future, he proved equal to the occasion, and entirely disposed of the dish. But next there followed some irresistible lamb cutlets, which somehow or other were sent the way of the delicacies that had gone before; and the feast was brought to a conclusion with a tempting dessert. With a single exception, he found himself always well off in the hotels and the more pretentious establishments; and he took very kindly to the wines of the country, which, notwithstanding the harsh twang of the piskin, he greatly preferred to ordinary claret. Wherever he went he was treated with more than mere civility

by casual strangers, especially when they had discovered that he was an Englishman, and not a Frenchman. Once at least he was entertained at bed and board with an actual profusion of luxury; and all he has to tell seems to show that the well-to-do middle class in Spain delight in practising a hospitality which is by no means the fashion with their superiors. As we have said, he carried a gun, but he might as well have left it behind him, though he found his half-broken setter a pleasant companion. Hares, partridges, and quails positively swarmed at certain seasons in some of the grain-growing districts he passed through. But in midwinter the quails are gone; the hares have left the plain for the mountains; and the partridges are so shy as to be almost unapproachable. The great charm of the volume is its originality and freshness. It abounds in little personal incidents and deals almost entirely with the country in its social aspects. Major Campion is chary of his descriptions of churches and public edifices, and his rare notes on architecture and archaeology are the least interesting of his pages. For he not only has the resolution to strike out a tour on foot, but the courage to dispense with guide-books. *Murray* was too ponderous to be stowed away in the satchel which begirt his loins in the place of the conventional knapsack; and, for anything he says to the contrary, he does not appear to have heard of "O'Shea," who has the merit of having written far more recently than Ford, and has confined himself moreover to a single volume.

#### OUR OLD ACTORS.\*

MR. BAKER has republished, with enough change and addition to save them from being, as he says in his preface, "a mere reprint," a series of papers which have appeared in *Temple Bar* under the title of *Our Old Actors*. His object has been to "link detached essays together so as to form a chronological history of actors and acting from Shakspeare to Macready."

In his first chapter, which deals with the earlier period of the English drama, Mr. Baker expresses an opinion, with which we are inclined to agree, that it is by no means certain that Shakspeare's plays were represented without any kind of scenic aid when they were first put on the stage. Two of the stage directions which he quotes to support his view are indeed quite compatible with the absence of anything beyond a balcony and curtains; but the third, from *Cymbeline*, "Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt," certainly seems to point to some kind of mechanism approaching that which was used in the masques of the same date. Speculation of this kind, however, is beside Mr. Baker's main purpose, which is to give us the best accounts he can of the great English actors of the past, and we may leave his first chapter, which deals with generalities, for his second, headed "The Original Actors of Shakspeare's Plays." Passing from the long list given in the first folio, which includes Shakspeare's own name, we come to that of Burbadge, who, Mr. Baker says, "must have been, according to contemporary testimony, a most consummate master, second to none." The author quotes this description of him from Flecknoe:—"He was a delightful Proteus, so wholly transforming himself into his part, and putting off himself with his clothes, as he never (not so much as in the trying house) assumed himself again until the play was done." Readers who are acquainted with Diderot's brilliant dialogue *Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien* will see, that if this account of Burbadge is exact, he was an exception to Diderot's rule that a great actor is never completely lost in his part. But one need not go further back than Macready to see that this rule cannot be inviolable. According to Flecknoe, Burbadge, although he departed from it, "had all the parts of an excellent actor (animating his words with speaking, and speech with action), his auditors being never more delighted than when he spoke, nor more sorry than when he held his peace; yet even then he was an excellent actor still, never failing in his part when he had done speaking; but with his looks and gestures maintaining it still unto the height." The latter part of this passage seems to us to be worth special notice with reference to the cry of "*Etas parentum peior avis*," &c., which is constantly raised concerning all things, and especially perhaps concerning the art of acting. Burbadge, it will be observed, is praised because he never "failed in his part when he had done speaking, but with his looks and gestures maintained it still." This was praise spoken of an actor whose reputation was assured. What actor of reputation in the present day would venture to drop his assumed part while he was not actually speaking? It may be safely asserted that no player of acquired position would insult his audience by such negligence, even if it occurred to him as a possible course to take; and certainly any novice who had a serious ambition would learn before all things to preserve his supposed identity, whether he adopted the method of Burbadge or that of Diderot. The knowledge that Burbadge was praised in his day for so common a piece of his art as this suggests curious speculations. What if, after all, the great actors of the past were really not so immeasurably superior to some of the actors of the present day? The question is again suggested by something said of the famous

\* *Our Old Actors*. By Henry Barton Baker. With Portraits. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.



Betterton, of whom Pepys wrote in 1661 that he was "the best actor in the world." Cibber's description of his scene with the Ghost in *Hamlet*, quoted by Mr. Baker, conveys to the reader something of the same awe which, according to Cibber, the actual representation inspired, and Booth said of him, "When I played the Ghost to him, instead of awing him, he terrified me." But Cibber, in criticizing, or rather describing, his general method, says that "a further excellence in Betterton was that he could vary his spirit to the characters he acted." In Brutus he displayed, to paraphrase Cibber, an unruffled temper foreign to the eager fire of his Hotspur. "When the Betterton Brutus was provoked in his dispute with Cassius, his spirit flew only to his eye; his steady look alone supplied that terror which he disdained an intemperance in his voice should rise to." In other words, he could impersonate characters of different temper and give to each its proper peculiarities. To say that this statement, reproduced in its baldest form, amounts to mediocre praise of the player concerning whom it is made, is not to say that he was not a great actor. In the faculty of impersonation there are almost infinite gradations; but when one finds that actors of a past time were extolled for being able to impersonate at all, one may justly think that the "poor players" of this generation are not so far inferior to their predecessors as some would have us believe. The art of acting can hardly have decayed steadily since the days when it was accounted an excellence in one great actor to remember his assumed identity even when silent, and in another to vary his demeanour to accord with the different characters he represented. Mr. Baker is a firm believer in "the palmy days of the drama"—that is, in the vast inferiority of our present actors to those of any given past time; and, no doubt, so long as the art of acting exists, people will be found from generation to generation to sigh over its decadence. Mr. Baker, however, is hardly consistent in his admiration for things which he never saw. The supposed decay of acting in our time is attributed by him in great measure to the loss of the old-fashioned theatrical circuits in which actors trained themselves before coming up to London. No doubt these did afford a kind of rough-and-ready substitute for such training as Continental actors get; but we would point out to Mr. Baker that some of the greatest names in his list were acquired without their aid. Burbadge and Betterton rose to eminence without them; Mohun, Burt, and Hart came on the stage from the army; Garrick had been no further from London than Ipswich before he took the town by storm in *Richard III.* But it is not Mr. Baker's way to be troubled with ascertaining the causes of things; he has a superstitious reverence for the past, and, if a thing or person belonged to that hallowed time, that in itself is enough to compel his admiration. In one paragraph referring to Elliston's unfortunate addiction to the prevalent vice of his age, Mr. Baker observes with portentous wisdom that "talent and respectability never seem to agree; at least it is quite evident it is so in the present case; actors are but dull dogs nowadays." This is a piece of information which has a merit generally wanting to Mr. Baker's communications—that of novelty. Elsewhere the author, having related a not particularly brilliant practical joke of Liston's, laments pathetically over "the dullness of this priggish age."

In the preface to his two volumes the author says:—"As it was necessary to draw the line somewhere, however arbitrarily, I have omitted, with very few exceptions, the names of all actors whose stage career extended beyond Macready's. Many admirable actors are thus unmentioned who well deserve a place in the history of their profession; but, besides want of space, I have no desire to enter the arena of contemporary criticism." It might have been well if Mr. Baker had literally fulfilled the undertaking here suggested; but he was unable to resist the temptation of adding to his collection of anecdotes and quotations a last chapter on the "Stage of the Present Day." In this, besides the lament over the theatrical circuits to which reference has been already made, we find a denunciation of "the trousers-pocket actors of the present day," and a list of actors who have but recently left the stage, of whom Mr. Baker says:—"The very lines of business they represented seem to have died with them; the light comedian, the old man, the low comedian, as far as the highest excellence is concerned, have disappeared." It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Baker somewhat takes off the gloss from this statement by "heartily admitting," a little lower down, that "we have still a few good actors." It would be unjust prejudice, he frankly admits, to deny this; and, to support this backsliding from his otherwise exclusive adoration of "the palmy days," he instances the existence of the two best comedy companies in London, and of one clever actor whose performance of a striking part in a comic opera has attracted some attention. "But," says Mr. Baker, in spite of these and other reassuring signs, "the legitimate drama is dead, and there will be no resurrection in our time." To be an historian, a critic, and a prophet is "a simple coming-in for one man," and we should be glad to congratulate Mr. Baker upon the ease with which he sustains these parts if his defects as a writer, in the merely technical sense of the word, asserted themselves but a little less loudly. To some of these it seems necessary to call attention, even though our doing so may convince the author yet more of the priggishness of the present day. However blind we may be to the defects of our actors as compared with those who died before we were born, we cannot tolerate such a sentence as this from the recounter of the drama's dead and gone glories.

"The next name in Cibber's list is Will Mountfort, whom, he says, was in tragedy the most affecting lover within his memory." We do not much like being told that a friendship did not "exceed the platonic boundary"; we are puzzled as to Mr. Baker's interpretation of a common phrase when he says that Pope's praise of "the well-mouth'd" Booth "suggests a style of acting *caviare* to our modern ideas"; and we are amazed at such negligence as is evident in the following passage, in which the italics are ours:—"Johnson said he considered that Foote surpassed every one he had ever heard in humorous narrative. . . . A gentleman who had conceived a prejudice against him related to Boswell his first meeting with him at dinner. Having no good opinion of the fellow, he said, I was resolved not to be pleased. . . . But the dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and laugh it out. No, Sir, he was irresistible." The "No, Sir," alone, without a reference to the first edition of Boswell he could lay hands on, might have taught Mr. Baker that the person whom he vaguely describes as "a gentleman" was Johnson himself.

Mr. Baker has taken for his volumes a subject of great interest, on which he has brought to bear a certain amount of industry and a vast amount of ignorance.

#### TWO HISTORICAL PRIMERS.\*

TWO more of Mr. Creighton's series of baby books of history are now before us. We never take up these ninepenny "Epochs" without being reminded of the pictures on French sweetmeat-boxes representing fat toddling children wearing the dress and aping the doings of the grown-up world, love-making, duel-fighting, gambling, and drinking. So when we read Mr. Creighton's books we picture to ourselves infantine statesmen sitting around tables covered with green cloth; baby warriors marshalling baby armies, like that which Prince Chaffinch in the fairy-tale put to flight with a birch rod, as may be seen in one of Mr. Doyle's delightful drawings; patriots in pinafores demanding writs of *habeas corpus*, struggling for appropriation of supplies, and denouncing the illegality of general warrants. The books are so little, so sweetly childish, and yet they treat of such deep constitutional mysteries. Our own opinion is that a child who was old enough—or, more accurately speaking, whose intellectual development had advanced far enough—to take interest in such matters would also be old enough, or advanced enough, to resent being addressed as a child. Clever children, left to themselves, usually prefer to read what they call "grown-up books."

We do not mean by this to say a word against simplicity of style and plain English. We only protest against simplicity being allowed to degenerate into the style of the nursery. When Miss Meriton Cordery and Professor Rowley write naturally, they, as a rule, write well and vigorously. But every now and then an idea seems to cross them that their natural style must be watered down to suit the infantine capacity. If Professor Rowley was writing for grown-up people, he probably would not impart an air of amiable weakness to his narrative by unnecessarily thrusting in "very" before adjectives and adverbs. "But the Courts might still punish a man *very* severely if he printed anything which the judges thought to be a slander upon the Government, for, until 1792, the law of libel was *very* harsh." Miss Cordery recounts the history of Raleigh's expedition to Guiana in the style in which a little girl tells a fairy-tale to her brothers and sisters, tacking it together with *but* and *so*—

But young Walter Raleigh was killed in the fight. Then Keymis led a party yet farther up the Orinoco in search for the mine. But the Spaniards and Indians waylaid them and killed many. So Keymis' heart failed him, and he went back to St. Thomas, and all the English returned to their commander and their fleet. But first they set fire to the village . . .

Nothing could be more exasperatingly infantine than the phraseology in which Miss Cordery expresses the fact that the Duke of York was exempted from complying with the conditions imposed by the Test Act of 1678:—"The Lords, while the Bill was passing through their House, put in some words to say that the Duke of York need not say this."

Despite this occasional awkwardness or affectation, Miss Cordery's *Struggle against Absolute Monarchy* is for the most part a bright and spirited narrative, showing considerable power both of telling a story and of explaining constitutional points. The influence of Mr. Gardiner has evidently been strongly felt, the earlier part of the book being almost an epitome of his *Puritan Revolution*. Although, however, Miss Cordery has closely followed Mr. Gardiner, even in the arrangement and division of the different parts of the narrative, her language and method of explanation are her own; and she deserves much credit for the way in which she has managed to make the complicated foreign policy of James I. intelligible. Another good bit is the chapter on the Petition of Right, in which we only take exception to a sentence in the

\* *Epochs of English History. The Struggle against Absolute Monarchy, 1603-1688.* By Bertha Meriton Cordery, Author of "King and Commonwealth." With Two Maps. London: Longmans & Co.

*The Settlement of the Constitution, 1689-1784.* By James Rowley, M.A., Professor of Modern History and Literature, University College, Bristol. With Four Maps. London: Longmans & Co.

account of the proceedings on *habeas corpus*:—"The judges, after they had seen what offence was named in the warrant, would either send the prisoner back to prison, there to await the time of his trial, or set him at liberty, if he promised to come and answer to his charge at the time of trial." Some better security than the prisoner's bare promise would be required. We may also remark that Miss Cordery is a little behindhand with the present state of the law when she writes that "every traitor or felon, against whom sentence of death is pronounced, is said to be attainted, or stained." She should have used the past tense, not the present. Attainder, as a consequence of sentence of death, has gone the way of drawing and quartering and other romantic horrors of antiquity. The story of the Civil War is told with spirit; but we should like to know whether Miss Cordery has contemporary authority for saying that "the Independents were often called *Sectarians*." "*Sectaries*" they certainly were called. But we have our doubts about *Sectarian*, a word unknown to Johnson, and acknowledged by Todd and Latham only as an adjective. In her account of the proceedings which prepared the way for the execution of Charles I. she omits two important facts—the refusal of the House of Lords to bear a part in them, and the ensuing assumption of supreme power by the Commons. Though she speaks strongly of the illegality of the trial, her language might lead her readers to think that it was illegal only because the court was not constituted by a really representative assembly. Indeed she almost implies that this was the view taken by Charles himself. "He would not speak a word," she writes, "in his own defence, saying truly enough that the court had no right to try him in the name of the people of England, because the people of England had not set it up." This fairly represents a part of the King's argument, but only a small part. His main point throughout was that as King he was not amenable to any jurisdiction upon earth.

It would, we think, have been better if Miss Cordery had passed more lightly over religious matters. In a book of this size and style, to give an accurate notion of theological controversies is out of the question. The attempt only reveals the bias of the writer, studiously temperate though her language is. "The Calvinists," she says, "thought very differently from Laud. It did not seem to them that the meanest man, woman, or child was too ignorant to understand all that had to do with his happiness or misery in another world." Neither Laud nor any other Christian, we should suppose, ever denied that men, women, and children could understand all that was necessary to salvation. The truth is that he and the Calvinists disagreed entirely as to what was necessary to be understood. In her desire to make things clear, Miss Cordery has also given a somewhat misleading account of Charles I.'s Declaration which is prefixed to the Thirty-nine Articles. "In this he said that henceforth no man, whether High-churchman or Calvinist, was to preach or write on doctrines about which men did not agree." Readers who are not well acquainted with the Prayer-Book will probably fail to perceive that the words "whether High-churchman or Calvinist" are only Miss Cordery's gloss upon the Royal Declaration. Charles used no such terms; the Declaration, in fact, studiously avoids the use of any party name, and throws no light upon the nature of the theological controversies to which it alludes. Further on, the author, by not sticking closely to the words of her text, has fallen into a theological error. Speaking of the Act disabling Papists from sitting in Parliament, she says that "all members of Parliament had to take the oath [of Supremacy], and to say besides that the worship of Saints was idolatrous, and that they did not believe the doctrine of the presence of Christ's body and blood in the bread and wine." Many a good Anglican churchman would have been staggered if he had been called upon thus to deny the Presence. What was really required by the Act was a denial of transubstantiation—a very different matter.

Professor Rowley's *Settlement of the Constitution*, which takes up the tale where Miss Cordery leaves it, is a great improvement on his earlier work in the same series. It is better constructed; the narrative, though not lively, is at least clear and connected, and attention has been paid to the chronological order of events. It is perhaps an inconvenience inseparable from the plan of the series that in the later part Mr. Rowley is obliged to make frequent reference to the American war, the detailed history of which is committed to another hand, and is deferred to the next volume. It is always irritating to be referred forward—"See Epoch VII. p. 18," when we are reading "Epoch VI." Constitutional history is in this, as in his previous work, Mr. Rowley's principal object, and in his very first chapter we note with joy that he has grasped the points of difference between the Declaration and the Bill of Rights. So few of our elementary teachers of history have succeeded in doing this, that this alone would be enough to set Mr. Rowley on a pinnacle above his fellows. He has spent much pains in making clear the relations not only between the King and the Parliament, but also between the Parliament and the nation. As an example of his method of dealing with such subjects, we will cite the following passage, which is only marred by the repetition of his favourite adverb "very":—

Walpole, partly because the state of things favoured him, and partly because he was very clever in managing public assemblies, got members to vote with him better than any minister who had lived before him. For the ways in which men gained seats in Parliament were very different then from what they are now. Many of the towns that had the right of sending

representatives were mere villages; and in many others, though they were larger, there were only very few people who had a vote. It had therefore come to pass that the noblemen or gentlemen who owned the lands on which these towns stood could have whatever members they liked chosen for these places. Besides, the great landowners had often such influence in the counties that the voters in these were willing to please their landlords or noble neighbours by voting for the persons whom they favoured. There was also a class of boroughs, chiefly seaports, which were quite ready to give their votes to whomsoever the King or his Ministers desired. It is clear, then, that most of the Commons were not representatives of the people, but of the King's Ministers and other great men of the kingdom.

The efforts of George III. to retrieve the power of the Crown are brought into more prominence than is usual in books of this class, "The struggle between the King and the Whig Houses" occupying the whole of one of the five divisions of the book. Some good remarks are made as to the nature of the contest:—

One or two things make this fight for power unlike other struggles of the same kind in our history. (1.) It was not a strife between the king and the people, but between the king and a few men of vast influence.

(2.) The kings of former days had sought to work their will in spite of the Commons; but George sought to work his will through the Commons. To gain his ends he used every means he could think of to get members of Parliament to vote as he wished. And it was only by members of Parliament voting as he wished that he was able to gain his ends.

Considering the care Mr. Rowley usually gives to parliamentary history, we are surprised at the slip he has made in his account of the "Wilkes and Liberty" struggle:—

Whilst in gaol he [Wilkes] wrote a letter which the Commons regarded as a libel on the Secretary of State, Lord Weymouth. They therefore expelled Wilkes from their House. Middlesex again elected him. A second time the Commons expelled him. Middlesex elected him a third time. But on his being expelled a third time, another man, one Colonel Luttrell, stood for Middlesex; and, though three times as many votes were given for Wilkes, the Commons took Luttrell as their member.

What really happened was that, on Wilkes being re-elected, the House resolved that "John Wilkes, Esq., having been in this session of Parliament expelled this House, was and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in this present Parliament." According to the Commons' reading of the law, the votes given to him were thrown away, and his repeated elections were therefore one after the other declared null and void. To have re-expelled him would have been a virtual admission that he had been duly re-elected, and would thus have been an abandonment of the principle which the Commons sought to establish, that expulsion creates incapacity. Mr. Rowley's acquaintance with Junius must have grown somewhat rusty, else he could hardly have so missed the point at issue. Another inaccuracy occurs in an earlier part of the book. "Even a Protestant Dissenter," says Mr. Rowley, speaking of the state of things immediately after the passing of the Toleration Act, "might not yet lawfully be a member of either House of Parliament, or take a post in the king's service, for the Test Acts were left untouched." Now the Test Act, commonly so called—more formally, the "Act for preventing Dangers which may happen from Popish Recusants"—does not apply to members of Parliament at all. The second Test Act, that "disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament," affected only Roman Catholics, and, incidentally, such Dissenters as scrupled to take an oath. From the Sacramental test which was thought necessary to secure the orthodoxy of excisemen and commissioners of common sewers, the member of Parliament was exempt—an inconsistency which was constantly pointed out by the advocates of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

Mr. Rowley has not been more fortunate in dealing with the Toleration Act itself. From his summary, that "Protestant Dissenters . . . were no longer forbidden to have places of worship and services of their own, if they would only swear to be loyal to the king, and that his power was as lawful in Church as in State matters," it is clear that he conceives that the Toleration Act imposed upon Dissenters Queen Elizabeth's oath of Supremacy. He has forgotten that the Convention had superseded this oath by a new one, which contained no such assertion of the ecclesiastical authority of the Crown. Mr. Hastings's recent advice to the Social Science Congress to peruse the Statutes at Large might with advantage be addressed to some of our teachers of history. Yet in his own way Mr. Rowley is the most precise of historians, so precise that he objects to the application of the name of "Revolution" to the events of 1688:—

Though a good many changes in our rulers and ways of ruling have been brought about by force, the change made at this time is the only one to which the name "Revolution" has been given. Yet it is not a good name.

William III. spoke of the change which he had been the chief instrument in bringing about as "this late Revolution," and we should think that he and his advisers were quite as good judges of political phraseology as Mr. Rowley can be.

CRESSIDA.\*

ANY one who should for the first time take up a novel of the present day would be as much puzzled as was the unfortunate boy who a few years ago entered Winchester College.

\* *Cressida*. By Bertha Thomas, Author of "Proud Maisie." 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.



He at once found that he had a new language to master, and that unless he mastered it quickly he would be "tunded." He found that his schoolfellows had a language of their own for the everyday occurrences of school-life, and for all the spots in their playground and the neighbourhood round. These "notions"—for thus they styled their gibberish—every newcomer had to master, under the penalty of being severely beaten with ash-sticks whenever he made a display of his ignorance. And yet the task was a difficult one, for the "notions" had been formed, so far as could be seen, by the merest caprice. It was in almost every case impossible to trace any connexion between the thing that was named and the name that it bore. Our novelists—especially our female novelists—would seem to have taken a hint from the Winchester boys. They, too, have their "notions," though happily they can inflict no greater punishment on their readers than a loss of temper. In every other respect, in the silliness of the terms they invent, and in the delight they have in using a wrong term when they have the right term ready at hand, they are not a whit better than the silliest lad that ever flourished his ash-stick at Winchester. Miss Bertha Thomas is not, perhaps, a greater offender than a score of her sister-writers. She has this excuse, too, that it most certainly was not she who first invented the female novelist's "notions." She is too young a writer for that. We must, however, do her the justice to admit that she has fallen into the use of them with admirable dexterity and quickness, and has even enriched them with a "notion" or two of her own. We especially congratulate her on her addition of the word "automatically" to this queer language. Perhaps she picked up the word at the exhibition of Messrs. Maskeyne and Cooke. Perhaps she met with it in the course of her reading. Wherever she first came across it, it is clear that it conveyed to her mind no definite meaning. But she saw that it was derived from the Greek, had a learned sound, was composed of no less than six syllables, and was therefore in every way well fitted for being used in any sense but the right one. In fact, it was just the kind of word out of which a new "notion" might be made. Accordingly she describes a pair of swans as sailing automatically up and down the surface of a pond. She tells how a footman came up to a young lady and touched his hat, saying automatically that Mr. Marriott's carriage was there waiting. The heroine on one occasion sang a song; and, though she had sung like one defiantly pronouncing doom on herself, yet she was complimented by the company. She smiled back automatically. She was at another time on the beach in a storm. Automatically she heard the people around her saying that the life-boat was manned. We wonder whether at Winchester the boys who have had a good deal of experience in the matter at last "tund" and get "tunded" automatically. Be that as it may, Miss Thomas may fairly claim to have enlarged the novelist's "notions" by at least one word. We automatically both hear and admit that claim. Whether she has made any other addition to the language that is likely to be permanent we can hardly tell. There is a fashion in these things, which is often too strong for the most skilful inventor. Even "notions" are subject to custom—

whose arbitrary sway  
Words and the forms of language must obey.

But we should be slow to believe that fashion and custom will not eagerly welcome some others of Miss Thomas's phrases. In the following lines, for instance, she makes quite a pretty use of gravitate:—"To anything in the shape of a musical instrument Norbert gravitated like a cygnet to the water," or, we might add, "like a coalheaver to a pot of porter." Scarcely less pretty is it to call a garden "a prism of red geraniums, yellow calceolarias, and blue lobelias." The name does not, indeed, happen in this case to have the slightest meaning, but so much the fitter is it for a "notion." Let us remember, therefore, henceforth to call a garden a prism, and the gardener a prismmer. Now that we are among colours, let us introduce our readers to the deep, dark, intangible hue of the night sky when it is clear as glass. The description, perhaps, is scarcely so clear as the sky, for it is anything but clear as glass. We wonder, by the way, whether it would have made the slightest difference to Miss Thomas's readers if she had written the tangible hue. So far as we can see, either tangible or intangible hue does equally well for the "notion" that describes the darkness of the sky when it is clear as glass. From colours we pass to eyes, and to eyes "magnetically keen." Is thought electrical? asks the author. We really cannot tell. If it is, perhaps it will be able some day or other to understand the magnetic keenness of eyes. But even the most electrical thought will be puzzled when it comes upon Miss Thomas's "single-hearted blue eyes." She has something to tell us about the idiosyncrasies of horses; but what, we exclaim in despair, are the idiosyncrasies of horses to the idiosyncrasy of a young woman who has blue eyes that are single-hearted? What, after this, is a kitchen-dresser that "had local colour and character"; and what is "a touch of that more subtle and penetrative personal agency of genius"? These are all very well in their way; but, after the reader has been introduced to a single-hearted eye, they fall flat.

We must not be led away too far in doing honour to Miss Thomas's "notions," or we shall have no space left for her lovers. In lovers she is indeed strong. If we mistake not, in the space of less than three weeks the heroine Cressida breaks off an engagement with one lover, wishes to marry a second,

receives the attentions of a third, and gets engaged to a fourth. We speak with some hesitation, however, for this young lady's love runs in such a meandering course that we cannot be sure that we have followed all its windings. She was, indeed, an admirable young lady; and one worthy to be followed by a troop of lovers. Her eyes were green, and in her father's church she presided over the Sunday music. She had a picturesque individuality of her own that was subtle. She had besides a winning charm that pervaded every touch about her. Her very note-paper was unique and bewitching, and the envelope was of an ingenious shape. As for her monogram, it was a gem of its kind. When the automatically talking footman had handed her into her friend's carriage, and had mysteriously stowed away the luggage, and when she had nestled under the enormous fur carriage-rug, "O, she felt very much *in loco*, and looked it too! There was a curious tinge of distinction without haughtiness that pervaded her appearance and manner, and that fitted her uncommonly for lording it gracefully over her inferiors." Her ambition was simple. All that she desired, when she should marry, was "surroundings that in artistic taste and beauty should excel everybody else's; exquisite hothouse flowers and plenty of them; dress as a fine art carried to the supreme point of perfection." It was in her friend's house that she first saw all this perfection realized:—

Her own room was delightful—a mass of sea blue—"the blue grotto," she called it laughingly, as she went round approving its nicknacks one by one. Everything that met her eyes was a tiny work of art: the candlesticks, the brackets, the delicate china, and opaline glass—bagatelles, by all means, which it were folly to rate too highly. But, for her, the potent charm of all this was that it idealized, so to speak, the common, everyday facts of life, the trivial routine which makes up so large a part of every woman's existence, and with which some have to content themselves altogether. Why, there was even a tiny pleasure to be got out of washing your hands, in an alcove like a sea-maid's haunt, and where the crockery had shaped itself into shells and taken their pale transparent colouring. To sensitive people life in such clover presents a series of petty pleasures, which are just so many net additions to the sum of human enjoyment.

At the opening of the story we find Cressida wooed by Norbert Alleyne, a youth whose eyes were mild, blue, deer-like in expression, but whose youth had been cast, as we read, in a deleterious medium. She accepts him, for she really liked him not a little, and moreover his uncle was a wealthy banker. If Norbert would give up music and stick to banking, he was to have a share in the old gentleman's business. Unfortunately Cressida in Switzerland had fallen in love with a Mr. Halliday, whose measure she took, and found it "the measure of a forcible, significant, and not unpleasing personality." On an Alpine slope he made love and she listened to it, but there was a misunderstanding between them that was not cleared up, though a few words would have done it, and so they parted. "The flowers that grew on the slopes of the Weissberg, and had assisted at the scene, wiser by far than the lovers that trod upon them, how they laughed at those lost children of the century. For the wild gentians and myosotis love was enough." Where, we should like to ask, merely from the strong interest that we take in botany, does the laughing power of flowers come to an end? Could a cauliflower, if it had "assisted" at the scene, have laughed? Is love enough for the Jerusalem artichoke and a bed of asparagus as well as for the gentians and myosotis? Be that as it may, Halliday does not propose to Cressida, and so she accepts Norbert. But she throws him over before the wedding. He, poor fellow, had been thrust on the world taxed with the painful ultra-sensitiveness genius entails, the safety-valve closed, to fare with a cold home and a repelling career. The metaphors perhaps are somewhat mixed, but the result is what might have been expected. He went mad. He it was whose blue, deer-like eyes became magnetically keen. With him out of the field now, according to all the laws of love, Halliday should have won the day. But up starts a rival who had "something self-asserting and idiosyncratic about the outer man." He was as unlike poor Norbert as possible, for he was "an absolute ignoramus in the terrible phenomena of depression." In spite of a third rival, whose light glance fell like a volley of invisible shafts, striking home and with a certain significance, he wins and marries Cressida. Everything seems as happy as can be for the young people, with one exception. They are only about half-way through the second volume. Such a marriage as this the experienced reader knows can have but a mournful issue. The author soon sounds a warning note. She opens the chapter that follows the marriage with a considerable display of classical reading. "It is quite superfluous," she writes, "for Polyocrates to dash his own prosperity and hurry himself to part with his ring. Only let him bide his time and the fly will appear in his honey, the snails and the thorns in his rose-garden." So the unfortunate husband gets first involved in all the complications of what we may perhaps call female law, and then gets drowned. Cressida of course dies, but whether of a cold or of grief we really quite forget. However, she certainly dies, and is as certainly buried. Let her fate be a warning to all heroines who encourage four lovers at once, and who are rash enough to get married when the history of their life is but in its second volume.

## LATIN TRANSLATIONS, TEXTS, AND NOTES.\*

**A**MIDST the competition of University and London publishers for the supply of the student-market with new and adequate editions of such portions of the classics as are most in use in school or lecture room, there ought to be no difficulty in gauging the needs of the tiro; and cheap and handy annotated texts ought to be no less helpful and complete in their way than editions of a more costly and elaborate description. It is, indeed, a good omen for the scholarship of the future that so many competent editors are willing to give themselves to this important though unpretending kind of literary labour, and that the rivalry of our *Sosii* secures the right men for the right tasks with an apparent ease indicative of an unfailing supply. Further, it would seem that the work produced does not get more perfunctory through its subdivision among many hands, but rather the contrary; an observation which has struck us forcibly in examining the second volume on our present list of Latin school classics. Any one who remembers the first beginnings of Weale's Classical Series will have some floating recollections of a certain Mr. Henry Young, who seemed to have sold himself bodily to spin thin webs of classical notes for the enterprising educational publisher of Oxford Street. Virgil, Horace, Cæsar, Sophocles, Lucian, Cornelius Nepos, Latin and Greek Delectus, and so forth, issued in quick succession with the name of the factotum, Mr. Young, who might have been, and probably was, a better scholar than the rapid pace at which he produced his volumes allowed him to show. After a time Mr. Weale was induced to call more accredited scholars to his aid, and introduced such variety and comparative thoroughness into the editions of his series, that when on his death it changed hands, it was regarded as a property worth bidding for. We have a sufficient remembrance of Mr. H. Young's Virgil as it first appeared to be able to greet Dr. Leary's new edition with a thankful exclamation "*Quantum mutatus*"; though we could have wished that the present publisher had asked him to rewrite the notes entirely, in which case we are sure there would have been far less than there is of the supererogatory padding which survives from the first edition. In testing Mr. Thornhill's blank verse translation of *Æneid* IV., and reading afresh the first two books, we have found a number of places where Dr. Leary might have retrenched the annotatory matter, and so found room for help that was really needful.

A few instances of this will suffice, though we should be doing less than justice to the new editor if we did not bear testimony to the diligence with which he has illustrated his text with apposite citations of modern translations, and otherwise done what was within his power to bring the work up to the standard of a modern edition. But why, it may be asked, should such information as, at *Æn.* i. 73 (*Propriamque dicabo*), that "*dicabo* is from *dicare*, not from *dicere*," have been allowed to provoke from any ingenuous schoolboy of the tenderest years an involuntary "Thank you for nothing!" or what need was there at iv. 138 (*Cui phætra ex auro, &c.*) to bid the merest novice understand "*erat*"? In illustration of the sort of matter which might fairly replace such idle trivialities, we would suggest that a note might have explained the construction of "*navigat æquor*" in *Æn.* i. 68, so as to prevent the possibility of confusion as to the active and neuter use of the verb, for which Cicero "*De Finibus*" might have been quoted. It may be a fair question whether "*navigare æquor*," "to sail the sea," is not the construction of a cognate accusative, and how far the component parts of the word "*navim agere*" have not a title to consideration in the sense and construction. Still earlier in Book I. v. 21-2, at "*Progeniem sed enim Trojano sanguine duci*," we take issue with Dr. Leary where he translates "*But forasmuch*" (as she had feared), and connects the sense with "*id metuens*" in v. 23. But, as Mr. Conington rightly notes, "*sed enim*" is, *i.e.*, ἀλλὰ γὰρ, and may be translated "however." In 217 "*Amisios socios vario sermone requirunt*" is hardly "inquire with regret concerning their lost comrades," but "with many words express regret for the comrades they have lost"; and on 256, "*Œcula libavit natæ*," Dr. Leary would have been wise not to encumber himself with two alternative senses of "*libo*." The sense is indubitably "He tasted the lips of his daughter"—*i.e.* "gently pressed her lips." As to the tenability of the sense of "*showering down*," which he hesitatingly justifies, it seems to us that the construction of "*libo*," when used of libations, would be

fatal to it here; and the little excursion into philology where a "*buss*" is deduced from "*basium*" or "*suavium*" has little bearing on the question. Dr. Leary does not throw any light on the sense of "*canebat*" in the fourteenth line of Book IV. "*Quæ bella exhausta canebat*" has, however, been the subject of some discussion with translators and commentators. Mr. Thornhill, an obviously competent scholar, who has always abundant argument to justify his plausible and seldom very far-fetched interpretations, has thrown down hereupon the gauntlet to Mr. Conington, and contends that the force of "*canebat exhausta*" should be something of this kind:—

What struggles sore  
In war he knew—yet told, ay sweet as song.

In support of this he quotes Shakspeare—*Henry V.* i. 1—where "*a discourse of war*" is "*a fearful battle rendered you in music*," and claims Dryden's version as similarly understanding "*canebat*" where he renders

What brave attempts for falling Troy he made,  
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke.

Mr. Conington, it is true, saw more in "*canebat*" than lies on the surface, and was disposed to understand it of "measured utterances"; but it remains a question, we think, whether any more was intended than what Messrs. Lonsdale and Lee express in the Globe Virgil translation, "*did he recount*." It is, however, by no means undesirable that the young student should get hold of such a version as Mr. Thornhill's, professing as it does to be a free rendering, and thus be led to consider how far Virgil's meaning in poetical passages lies beneath the surface. For instance, all that underlies the graceful expression of Virgil in *Æn.* IV. 82-3 of Dido's love-sickness—

Stratæque relictis  
Incubat : illum absens absentem auditque videtque—

is poetically reproduced in the lines:—

O'erleans where once the loved one lay, and fond,  
In reveries lost with fancy's wizard sense,  
Still sees that absent form, that voice still hears.

Dido's irony, too, in her most famous speech, where she derides what she deems the shifts of *Æneas* to lay the blame of his desertion on the Olympian gods—

Scilicet is superis labor est," &c. (379-80)—

is brought out to life in the rendering:—

Yes, fitting task,  
Belike, for gods' employ : such cares, 'tis apt,  
Must ruffle Heaven's repose !

Or, if a sample of a more connected passage is required, we may refer to the famous description of Rumour in IV. 173-88 as showing the true spirit to infuse into Virgilian translation.

From Virgil's and Dido's Carthage it is a natural transition to Livy's Second Decade and Hannibal's Punic War. Messrs. Macmillan have secured the help of Mr. W. W. Capes, Reader in Ancient History at Oxford, to edit with the requisite apparatus of introductions, notes, maps, and appendices, Hannibal's First Campaign in Italy, as narrated by Livy (Books XXI.-XXII.); and the result is thoroughly satisfactory, both as respects the needful preliminary matter the explanation and illustration of the text, and the collateral elucidation from history and philology. In an Introduction dealing with the early history of Carthage and the events leading up to the Second Punic War, we are bidden to keep in mind that "she was essentially a trading Power, as such hankering after a policy of peace, and only fitfully encouraging dreams of Imperial ambition"—a consideration which throws no little light on the contending parties in Carthaginian politics. A second Introduction discusses the authorities on which the history of the Second Punic War is based, examining how far Livy was indebted to Polybius, and how much was due to Carthaginian sources, such as Silenus. A third, on the language and style of Livy, and a fourth, on the text and orthography, are at once commendably succinct, and constructed on sound principles and with clear insight. In Mr. Capes's commentary attention is evenly divided between philological notes, such as that at *blandientem*, c. i. § 4, *stipendio*, *ibid.* § 5; *deinceps*, viii. § 5; and *dilectus*, c. xi. § 13; historical and biographical notes; and such illustrative and collateral notes as those in c. xxv. of the Twenty-first Book on "*Colonias*" and "*Triumviri*." At the same time a vigilant eye is kept on the explanation of the grammar and construction. Such a passage as "*Equorum pars magna nantes, &c.*," in c. xxvii., is not suffered to pass without being stigmatized as an awkward construction "*ad synesim*"; and where, at the beginning of the same chapter, we find "*equites virique*" in juxtaposition for horse and foot soldiers, we are reminded in a note that it would more usually be "*equi virique*." Had we space, a short extract from XXI. xxviii. § 5, about the passage of the elephants across the Rhone, would afford a specimen of Mr. Capes's discrimination in handling corrupt readings.

Similar praise is due to Messrs. Church and Brodribb's edition, for Macmillan's Classical Series, of the Sixth Book of the *Annals*, a book well fitted for the purposes of school and college reading, owing to its great and varied interest. An Introduction supplies the reader with all that he needs to know about the fall of Sejanus in order to understand the reign of terror with which the Sixth Book opens; and the book itself explains and illustrates, in sufficient and yet concise notes, the peculiarities of Tacitus's constructions, and the difficulties of historical explanation arising out of defective information. In c. iii. the construction used by Gallio, "*Quia incusabatur facile toleraturus*

\* *Virgil's Æneid*. With English Notes. By Henry Young. New Edition, revised and improved. With copious additional Notes by Rev. T. H. Lindsay Leary, D.C.L., late Scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1878.

"*The Passion of Dido*" or "*The Fourth Book of the Æneid of Virgil*," freely rendered into English Blank Verse. By William Johnson Thornhill, ex-Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, Canon of St. Patrick's, &c. London: Bell & Sons. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Co. 1878.

*Livy*. Books XXI.-XXII.—*Hannibal's First Campaign in Italy*. Edited, with Introductions, Notes, &c., by Rev. W. W. Capes, Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

*Tacitus*.—*Sixth Book of the Annals*. Edited, with Notes, by Rev. A. J. Church, M.A., and Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

*M. Tullii Ciceronis Lilius de Amicitia*. Edited by A. Sidgwick, M.A., Assistant-Master at Rugby School. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1878.

*M. T. Ciceronis Orationes in Catilinam, in Gaium Verrem Actio Prima, et Pro Archia Poetâ*. With Introductions, Analysis, and Notes, Explanatory and Critical, by Rev. T. H. Leary, M.A., D.C.L., &c. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1878.



exilium delectâ Lesbos," "because it was ill-naturedly said of him that he would easily brook exile, if Lesbos was chosen," is pronounced to be a use of the participle not unlike the Greek; and at the close of the same chapter the words "Summum supplicium decernebatur, ni professus indicium foret" is briefly explained, as "capital punishment was being decreed against him (and would have been) if he had not volunteered a disclosure"—i.e. turned "King's evidence." The construction, it should be observed, does not differ substantially from that of Virgil, "Et si non alium late jactaret odorem, Laurus erat." The brevity of the notes on the chapters which give the historian's estimate of the character of Tiberius leaves nothing unexplained that required notice; and the editors have reprinted from their translation of the *Annals* a long excursus on this topic, as well as another on the financial crisis at Rome in A.D. 33. We gratefully recognize also, here as in Mr. Capes's *Livy*, the boon of an "Index Nominum et Locorum."

No volume on our list is more valuable than Mr. Sidgwick's edition of Cicero's treatise "De Amicitia," prefaced by a review of the circumstances and scheme and interlocutors of the dialogue, a conspectus and analysis of the same, and an excellent appendix on the scheme of the subjunctive, which cannot fail to be useful to schoolboys and students. The "De Amicitia" is just the work to be placed in a young student's hands for translation and retranslation; and Mr. Sidgwick's explanatory and illustrative notes are calculated to fix its matter in the memory. In them we come upon a host of proverbial expressions, e.g. § 5, "Neque id ad vivum reseo"—said of not "pressing a point too closely"; "pingui, ut aiunt, Minervâ," "with rude homely wit"; the exiled Tarquin's "tum se intellexisse quos fidos amicos habuisset, quos infidos, cum jam neutris gratiam referre posset"; § 58, "Ad calculos vocare," "to take stock of"; and § 68, "Multos modios salis simul edendos esse, ut amicitie munus expletum sit," with other samples of adage lore on which Mr. Sidgwick dwells with all the keenness of a collector. Collateral biography, too, is well brought out in the notes, and so are all such eccentricities of language as the use of "prelucet" in chap. vii. in a transitive sense. At § 45 (chap. xiii.), it is clearly shown that Cicero had in view the speech of Phædra's nurse in the *Hippolytus*, v. 253, &c., even more than the general selfishness of the Stoics. And at the close of § 35, Mr. Sidgwick's rendering of a single sentence, "Hæc ita multa quasi fata impendero amicitie—diceret sibi videri" may suffice to show the helpfulness of his careful editing. "These," he said, "were the fatalities so to speak [*quasi*] apologizing for the metaphorical *fata* which threatened friendship, so numerous that he said he thought it best to avoid them all, in the interest not merely of wisdom, but even of happiness." We can strongly recommend this in every respect well-furnished edition.

We can but briefly notice Dr. Leary's *Catilinarian Orations*, with the oration against Verres (*Actio Prima*), and the Oration on behalf of the poet Archias, in Weale's Classical Series. In the case of each, the student's way has been paved by general introductions to the speeches, and sufficient abstracts of their contents. And when he comes to the text itself, it will be found accompanied by a commentary to which the only exception that can be taken is the general thinness of the information vouchsafed. It is rather late in the nineteenth century to find an editor more than once beginning a note with the discouraging words "According to Anthon," and thereby proclaiming that he has been content with endorsing authorities always slender, and at this point of time quite out of date.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

##### I.

CHRISTMAS books seem to have, like chrysanthemums, their good and bad seasons. Gaudy these late-flowering annuals always are, but they vary in different years as to fulness of blossom and splendour of colouring. The earlier Christmas books of 1878 are not very brilliant examples of their class, though it is not yet possible to say what the enterprise of publishers may produce. In one of Lord Beaconsfield's earliest novels it is demonstrated that the public love of books shifts with the state of trade, and that a European war would be the ruin of light literature. Perhaps rumours of war have affected the crop of Christmas books, and if we are really embroiled in hostilities, children may have to fall back on the cheap books and fairy tales and well-worn woodcuts of the year 1800.

A new edition of Miss Mitford's *Our Village* (Sampson, Low, and Co.), illustrated by Messrs. Murray and Boot, is much the most desirable volume among the books before us, and would be remarkable in any season. Almost every page has its woodcut, and the artists have reproduced with very great care and delicacy the scenes that Miss Mitford loved. Here is the Loddon, with its high and ancient bridge; the common, with the cottages on its outskirts; the lonely frozen pool, with "our neighbour the Lieutenant" skating. The dogs, both May and Daah, enliven the scene, especially May, for the artist seems to have an eye for the points of a greyhound. There is much humour in the picture of the retired publican leaning over his gate as if it were his bar, and anxiously waiting for the excitement of a passer-by. This was a Liberal publican, in days before beer became so determined a Conservative power. "He reads news-

papers, hates the Ministers, and cries out for reform. He introduced into our peaceful vicinage the rebellious innovation of an illumination on the Queen's acquittal. Remonstrance and persuasion were in vain; he talked of liberty and broken windows—so we all lighted up." How like Miss Mitford that is; the Johnsonian polysyllables, and the touch of *malice*! With her unaffected love of nature, her demure expression, her enjoyment of cricket, her generous attitude in regard to "a poor man and his beer," she is the born chronicler of the sylvan year of England. She too, in her way, is a cultivator of "impressions," and we quite expect to find an earnest critic denouncing this passage as profoundly and insidiously immoral. "Through this little gate, and along the green south bank of this green south field, and they burst upon me, the lovely violets in tenfold loveliness. The ground is covered with them, white and purple, enamelling the short dewy grass, looking but the more vividly coloured under the dull leaden sky."

To inhabit such a scene of peace is to be again fearless, gay, gentle as a child. . . . Oh that my whole life could pass so, *floating on blissful and innocent sensation!*" This, no doubt, is very wrong; but it is not unpleasant; and readers who are not hypochondriacally anxious about their moral tone will find few books so restful, few so rich in memories of England before science defaced it and trade defiled it, as this beautiful edition of *Our Village*.

Miss Meteyard's last work, *The Children's Isle* (Hodder and Stoughton), occupies a place of its own among the tales of virtue rewarded and industry crowned with success which form the staple of Christmas literature. Yet, in spite of many undeniable merits, it is not a book we should like to put into the hands of the young, or indeed of the old. The story opens with the journey of a lady and three children to the extreme West of Ireland, in answer to an advertisement (stated in the preface to be a fact) requiring a governess who could bring children of her own to accompany those she was to teach. The advertisement is, as we afterwards learn, the result of a deep-laid plot to induce the lady in question, Mrs. Hexham, to take up her abode at Castle Morr, and to devote her talents for painting and sculpture to the amusement of its deformed inmate, Lord Richard Donore. The sketches of the wild Atlantic scenery, of the lives and occupations of the numerous children, second only to the *Swiss Family Robinson* for contrivance and success, are drawn with reality and skill, though the details are too minute. When, however, we leave these, and come to the mystery of the Castle, which one of the boys labours incessantly to solve, the tale becomes repulsive. The study of an unfortunate being whose deformities defy description is in the height of bad taste. However good may be the moral teaching of lives which, though outwardly hideous, are made beautiful by unselfish thought for others, to dwell on physical defects must always be disgusting. We quote the account of Lord Richard Donore's personal appearance as preserved to posterity in an amazing work of art by Mrs. Hexham:—"Upon the semblance of a couch, raised about three feet from the ground, lay what seemed at first a somewhat squared figure, so thickly was it veiled in a great winding-sheet exquisitely wrought in marble. This sheet lay high above the couch, for it was partly supported at the head by the sculptured semblance of the great dog Nero, curled up asleep, and at the foot by the figures of Lufra and another dog of the same breed. . . . At the foot, Trick, the magpie, perched on a thick fold of the sheet, had been wrought, and at his side. . . . Mr. Bob seemed to purr and doze. At the head, just below the figure of the great dog, the marble winding-sheet was fastened by the semblance of a large pin; and thence open, from the nostrils to the crown of the forehead, were seen the features of a man in the prime of life, and of the highest order of intellectual beauty. All else of this human figure was veiled beneath the winding-sheet, after the beautiful custom of the middle ages. It might be guessed, as was indeed the sorrowful truth, that all the marble sheet had been purposely and most artistically veiled, so as to hide that which was painful and repulsive. For just below the gathered folds, where the fastening was, was obviously a hideous protuberance to right and left. Below that again, with scarcely space for a human throat, was another great deformity, which even the rarest skill in the disposal of the drapery did not wholly hide; and, some little way below, was a mere blank beneath the marble pall. A lapse on the left side was also obvious; but the outstanding of the marble on the right side indicated a well-formed arm, and a beautiful hand lay without the covering as far as the wrist." As if this were not enough, the children are told at length that, when Lord Richard was born, he had no legs, hardly any throat, humps on his back and breast, a mouth like an animal's, and that he "spoke with little better than a gobble." The misplaced devotion of his aunts, the Ladies Clare, kept him alive, and isolated him in this castle. By some astounding process he became extremely accomplished, though he was hardly able to articulate. If we are introduced to the society of a duke's son and an earl's daughters, it would be as well that they should be spoken of by their proper titles, and not as "Lord Donore," and "Lord Richard Donore," and "Lady Clare." Lastly, we must object most strongly to the flavour of infantine love-making that runs through the book.

*Left Alone; or, the Fortunes of Phyllis Maitland* (Griffith and Farran) is a book of a more quiet type. The heroine is the young daughter of a London physician, whose sudden death banishes Phyllis to a country town, with no better protectors than her invalid mother and drunken brother. The former soon dies, and the latter becomes more and more depraved. We have a very

distressing picture of the poor girl's struggles to prevent his degradation becoming known, and of her despair when he is killed in a drunken brawl. She then takes a place as governess to a little girl, and accompanies her to some German baths. While there she is agreeably diverted from her gloomy thoughts by her pupil's brother, who first sympathizes and then falls in love with her. Of course she returns his affection, and, equally of course, before the year's probation to which they are condemned has expired, he is married to some one else. The author has shown some humour in the very varying characteristics of Phyllis's four lovers, the Rev. Arthur Wells, Charles Cornish, old Mr. Gibson, and the somewhat conventional rough literary man whom she ultimately marries. It is not, however, a pleasing trick to describe a mother and daughter as looking, the one as if she were just about to sneeze, and the other as if she had just sneezed.

*My Mother's Diamonds* (M. Greer. Griffith and Farran) is a very dull chronicle of a very dull family. In spite of all our efforts we cannot get up any enthusiasm for the boy who was always falling into mischief, or the boy who was eternally upsetting ink, or the boy who was constantly eating, or the sister in whose charge they were left. The "diamonds" play a very small part in the story, unless indeed the title refers to these promising young people.

*Ned Garth; or, Made Prisoner in Africa* (W. H. Kingston. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), a story of the slave-trade, is not confined to the ordinary adventures of slave-trading. In fact, the clearest head and strongest memory are needful to retain a proper grasp of the astounding perils which the characters successfully brave. There are four escapes from drowning, two from elephants, one from starvation, and one from enraged savages. Besides these, we have the miraculous meeting of the hero with his black servant's wife and son in the interior of Africa, and the hardly less surprising discovery of the heroine's long-lost uncle and grandfather. It will be seen that there is no lack of excitement in the two hundred and fifty pages.

*North Wind and Sunshine* (Annette Lyster. S.P.C.K.) The wind is represented by one of the two heroines—Constance Kennedy and Mary Grey. Constance is a most unpleasant young woman, who has taken up a Revivalist craze, and tries to convert every one to her own way of thinking, or rather of feeling, by making herself as generally rude and disagreeable as possible. Her cousin Mary Grey, who comes to stay with the Kennedys, fulfils Constance's neglected duties, and wins the family to a less fussy piety. We own we should be sorry to see most young ladies of fifteen enjoying the liberty of these girls, perpetually running about Bristol alone, and choosing what classes they will attend or give up. In the end, Constance's undoubted sincerity finds a more desirable field of action, and she becomes all that her friends could wish. The characters are naturally drawn, though we are deluged with rather too much of Constance's religion.

*Percy Trevor's Training*, by the Author of "Mother Maggie" (S.P.C.K.) This is a very dismal account of a young man's struggle with life, and of a little boy whom he took under his protection. His personal appearance must have been more striking than his history, as he is described (p. 6) as having "a small mouth," while the same feature is spoken of a few lines lower down as being "somewhat large." The humour of the book consists in giving a little girl the singular name of Pol-Tot.

*Cringlewood Court* (F. Scarlett Potter. S.P.C.K.) combines instruction with amusement. Some schoolboys spend their Christmas holidays in the country, and divide their time between rabbit, rat, and bird-catching, and readings about the Mammoth Cave, the Caves of Adlersberg, and many other places and things which are described at length. Like the prayers in the *Fairchild Family*, the instruction may be skipped while attention is concentrated on the ratting.

*The New Girl; or, the Rivals* (Griffith and Farran) describes a school in which girls behave in a very silly way, and call each other husbands and wives and lovers. All the interest in the book turns on the rivalry of two girls for a prize, and their struggles are minutely recorded. Neither the amatory nor the competitive tastes of girls should be encouraged by description.

*In the Track of the Troops: a Tale of Modern War* (R. M. Ballantyne. James Nisbet and Co.) The hero has a craze for torpedoes, and himself goes off to the Danube where war has just broken out, in order to see the working of his favourite engines. There he is made a Special Correspondent, and we have a detailed account of the horrors which for two years have been familiar to us. This sort of thing is best left to its legitimate owners, the Special Correspondents.

*Queen Dora* (Kathleen Knox. Griffith and Farran) was a little girl whose education was conducted on original principles. She had at her disposal a whole domestic menagerie. The animals lived on an island, and were rowed backwards and forwards to her every day. Her parents declined to give her even two hours of lessons a day till she was ten; but each birthday she was supplied with a new doll, whose extensive wardrobe she had to make and keep in order. Family reverses caused Dora to live for a while in London, where she earned money for her parents by designing patterns for a manufacturer, an occupation for which her early training had apparently adapted her. The story ends with her return to Westwood.

The heroes of *The Two Friends* (Lucien Briart. Translated by Mary de Hauteville. Sampson Low) are the little Marquis de la Taillade and a little Parisian *gamin* Bouchut. Their adventures while living in a miserable attic in Paris, and their stolen visits to

the Louvre, are prettily told, though most of our sympathy is with Bouchut.

*With Axe and Rifle; or, the Western Pioneers* (W. H. Kingston. Sampson Low) is one of the stories with which boys are sure to be charmed. Some Irish people settle in the Far West of America and meet with the usual adventures with every kind of wild animal, besides those incidental to harbouring an escaped slave. We have another lengthy description of the Mammoth Cave, which seems a favourite feature of natural history at Christmas. Altogether the book is one that can be recommended to boys.

*Old and New London* (E. Walford. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin). Mr. Walford has accomplished a work that is certain of giving pleasure. No one is insensible to the charm of seeing and hearing what happened long ago in the places with which he is familiar, what celebrated men lived there, and what sort of lives they led. It is always agreeable to trace out the derivation of the name of a street or the history of a patron saint of a church, to feel well informed about St. Clement Danes, and to know how the Savoy got its name and how St. Olaf got to Bermondsey. Dwellers in Craven Hill Gardens will be interested to hear that by an agreement between Lord Craven and the parochial authorities in 1720, their abode may be even now appropriated as a burial-ground in case the arrival of a plague makes increased accommodation desirable. Lovers of tennis will be pleased to learn that there was formerly a court at James Street, Haymarket, and that Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Charles II. were extremely fond of the game—facts already perhaps familiar to readers of Mr. Marshall's *Annals of Tennis*—while ladies who go about to foreign baths may like to know that the Princesses Amelia and Caroline drank the waters daily at Sadler's Wells in 1733. Mr. Walford has consulted the usual authorities, but we wish that the engravings were more worthy of the book.

*The Fathers for English Readers* (S.P.C.K.) form a series of short stories, setting forth the lives and times of the early Christians. They will be useful to persons just beginning to be interested in Church history.

*The Conversion of the West* (S.P.C.K.) is another series of the same character, but better got up, and more adapted to the use of children. The history of the conversion of the Northmen, the Celts, and the English (by the Rev. G. F. Maclear) and of the Continental Teutons (by the Rev. Charles Merivale) is well and simply told.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THAT desire to obtain a living image and perfect reconstruction of the past which has given birth to so many excellent series of historical works\* in England is manifested in Germany by the undertaking of a universal history on a scale of considerable magnitude, with the co-operation of numerous writers of repute. Forty volumes are to bring the history of the world before the modern reader, in so far as this can be effected by a representation of ancient history in its totality and of the most vital and momentous epochs in the development of the modern world. The fall of the Byzantine Empire will thus form the subject of a volume by Professor Herzberg; the English revolutions of the seventeenth century, of one by Professor Stern, the biographer of Milton; Dr. Oncken will treat of Frederick the Great, and Herr Kapp of the American War of Independence. These and similar monographs, taken collectively, will afford a tolerably complete view of the course of modern affairs; while ancient history, less susceptible of division into epochs, will be treated as a whole by competent scholars. The part now issued contains the beginning of the history of ancient Egypt, by Professor Dümichen, and of ancient Persia, by Professor Justi. Judging from these, we should be inclined to pronounce the execution of the undertaking unimpeachable on the score of erudition, but too solid for the general circulation which we must suppose to enter into its design. Professor Dümichen's history, so far as hitherto published, is almost entirely occupied with the physical and political geography of the country. For the latter he depends largely upon the geographical inscriptions found in the temple of Edfu. The details are of the highest interest to Egyptologists; but readers in general will wish they had been presented with more conciseness, and the conductors of the series, we should imagine, will entertain some anxiety as to the length to which their coadjutor's learned labours may extend. Professor Justi's Persian history is less erudite and circumstantial, while it shows a no less thorough mastery of the subject. The present instalment comes down to the death of Darius Hystaspes, the history of whose reign has been revolutionized by the decipherment of the Behistun inscriptions. Professor Justi altogether discredits the stories of the fanaticism and madness of Cambyses, and shows their inconsistency with extant Egyptian inscriptions. The volume is beautifully got up, and adorned with illustrations selected with discrimination and executed with great care and taste.

August Mommsen's volume on the religious ideas, traditions, and observances of which Delphi was the centre†, is, as might be expected, a work of enormous learning, digested into a surprisingly

\* *Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen*. Herausgegeben von W. Oncken. Bd. I. Abth. I. Bd. IV. Abth. I. Berlin: Grote. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Delphika*. Von August Mommsen. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.



narrow compass by the aid of robust compression and a concise but by no means arid style. The writer begins with the vestiges of the ancient worship of Poseidon and the Earth, the earliest deities adored at Delphi, who only gradually, as the terror of earthquakes wore off, and intellectual conceptions took the place of the merely physical, yielded to younger divinities, one of whom has become so thoroughly the *genius loci* as to have entirely eclipsed the rest. Professor Mommsen investigates with equal care the traces of the worship of Hermes, Athene, and other deities more or less venerated at Delphi; his main attention, however, is bestowed upon the Delphic calendar, and the determination of the various festivals connected with it, especially the Pythian games. The writer's residence in Greece has enabled him to illustrate his remarks on the calendar with very interesting particulars derived from personal observation.

Dr. Lenel's \* essay on the *edictum perpetuum* is a learned contribution to one of the most obscure points of Roman jurisprudence.

The process by which detached Greek settlements became towns is the subject of the investigations of Dr. E. Kuhn.† During the early ages of Grecian history the development of a single hamlet into a town, or the aggregation of several, generally passed unnoticed, and remains obscure; but later history affords several definite and elaborate instances, of the latter process. Such is, for instance, the foundation of Rhodus by the deliberate coalition of three minor cities. This incident, as well as the consolidations of detached communities into a single body corporate which arose out of the Achaean and Ætolian Leagues, and the foundations of the Macedonian sovereigns, are fully discussed by Dr. Kuhn.

Baron von Warsberg ‡ is fortunate in his subject, and his work on Corfu and Epirus has a narrow escape of being one of the most delightful books among the pleasant class of mixed archaeology, history, and travels. Its principal drawbacks are its length and its unnecessary encumbrance with minor details. These defects are the more pardonable as they manifestly do not arise from awkwardness or verbosity, the author's style being everywhere terse and clear, but from his own excessive delight in his subject. Everything interests the traveller on the spot, and he is liable to overlook their comparative lack of attraction for those whose impressions alike of the blooming life of nature and the hoary remnants of antiquity must be gathered from his descriptions. These descriptions are nevertheless very good, and he is especially successful in conveying the impression of the luxuriance of a region so richly stored with historical memories, where so many picturesque nationalities—Greek, Roman, Venetian, and Turk—have left vestiges of their successive sway. The first volume is occupied with a graphic and only too minute description of the aspect which Corfu at the present day presents to an erudite and intelligent traveller, for whom the faint, and possibly imaginary, traces of Alcinoos offer an equal, though not a superior, interest to the living beauty of scenery and the picturesque variety of the national life. The second volume is partly occupied with a similar account of the adjacent mainland, and partly with a full history of Corfu, ancient and modern, including that of the memorable events of which its vicinity has been the theatre. The account of the battle of Actium is particularly exact and spirited.

The Life of the late Professor Birnbaum § of Giessen is published as a typical biography of a diligent German professor of jurisprudence, ever amassing and imparting knowledge until at length the store of his acquisitions exceeded his power of managing it, and part of his work had to be transferred to a younger man. It may be a typical life, but perhaps on that account it is not individually very interesting. The most remarkable passage is Birnbaum's enforced retirement from the University of Louvain on account of his opposition to the Belgian Revolution.

A biography of Ivan Pososchkow ||, a Russian publicist of the time of Peter the Great, is a valuable contribution to the comprehension of Russian affairs at the period. Pososchkow's writings, extremely interesting from their national idiosyncrasy, and the remarkable alliance which they show of native shrewdness with ignorance and crudity, are besides important as attesting that Peter did not stand alone in his exertions to elevate his nation. The condition of Russia had been indescribably wretched during the greater part of the seventeenth century from two causes in particular—the corrupt administration of justice, and the devastation of the country by bands of robbers. Peter personified the universal conviction that some reform must be accomplished, and was supported by a genuine, though indefinite, national sympathy, without which his arduous task would have been impracticable. Pososchkow's ideas possess peculiar value as a criterion of public sentiment; for, although intellectually far in advance of the bulk of his countrymen, he was still a man of the people, and a Russian of the Russians. He was, moreover, not merely a speculator on economical topics, but a practical man of business, who carried out

large industrial undertakings, and exercised financial employments under the State. His works are entitled "The Mirror," "A Father's Legacy to his Son," and "Poverty and Riches." The first is an exceedingly violent onslaught upon religious dissent in Russia, including an abusive attack on Lutheranism, doubly hateful to an orthodox Muscovite from being foreign as well as heretical. The "Legacy" is commonplace, but valuable as an indirect delineation of the manners and ideas of the period. Pososchkow's notions on home education are barbarous in every sense of the term; his views on the social position of woman, on the other hand, are sensible and enlightened. The treatise on Poverty and Riches was his *magnum opus*. It is an exposition of all the evils of the Empire, dedicated to Peter the Great, and enforcing the most comprehensive reforms in the ecclesiastical, judicial, military, and financial departments of the administration. It is doubtful whether Peter ever saw this treatise. A copy of the MS. fell after his death into the hands of the new rulers, who, alarmed and irritated at Pososchkow's unsparing exposure of malversation in all departments of the public service, and probably giving ear also to the insinuations of private malice, threw him into prison, where he shortly died. Only three MS. copies of the book were known to exist previously to its recent publication in Russia. It is valuable as a contemporary document, and interesting as a precursor in many respects of the subsequent course of Russian legislation. In some particulars the author is in advance even of present opinion in Russia, as in his advocacy of a species of constitutional government. He anticipates many of the instructions given by Catharine II. to the commissioners who framed her famous code, insists strongly on liberal pay for the army and the encouragement of native industry, and shows himself everywhere a sagacious, if untrained, economist, and an ardent, if prejudiced, patriot.

The second of J. Lossius's "Pictures from the life of the Livonian nobility of the sixteenth century" is devoted to Jürgen and Johan Uexküll \*, the latter of whom in particular is presented as a type of the better class of the Livonian aristocracy of the period. It was an unfortunate time; the country was the common battle-field of Poles, Russians, and Swedes; and few elements of a healthy national life were to be found either among the boorish peasantry or the dissolute nobility. To the hereditary bravery of his caste Johan Uexküll added some of the qualities of a statesman, and played, on the whole, a creditable part in a series of complicated transactions, whose intricacy and obscurity almost baffle Herr Lossius's powers of exposition.

Herr Julius Froebel's † treatise on theoretical politics is professedly an attempt to apply the ideas of Spencer and Darwin to this department. The novelty of the author's conclusions hardly sustains these pretensions; for, though his volume is called controversial, it is not easy to find in it anything more than ordinary good sense expressed in a pleasant style.

The scope of Herr Hellenbach's ‡ essay on "Individualism" is not always clear, but it is apparently an argument for the existence of the soul as an independent entity, not the mere sum of vital functions. The writer will not in general be held to have strengthened his case, in so far as it depends upon his confidence in "Dr. Slade's ability to tie a knot in a stretched string."

As might be expected from the author's lively and pugnacious disposition, Dr. E. Dühring's treatise on logic § is by no means a formal treatise, but is composed with a spirit and vivacity seldom encountered in works of its class. Its principal novelty, and no doubt its chief importance in the author's own eyes, consists in its application to physical science, its attempt to determine the comparative importance of the leading lines of scientific research, and its smart onslaught on the professorial system of Germany. Dr. Schuppe's logical treatise || is a much bigger book, upon the ordinary pattern, equally innocent of heresy and of entertainment.

Dr. Dieterich has selected an interesting theme for investigation in the influence of Rousseau upon Kant's moral philosophy. ¶ His conclusion is that this influence was rather exerted in stimulating Kant's opposition than in compelling his assent; and that the grand distinction between the two thinkers consists in Kant's unqualified allegiance to the law of duty, a principle very imperfectly developed in Rousseau.

A more immediately interesting conflict of Kant with a modern philosopher forms the subject of A. Krause's \*\* essay on the divergence of view between him and Helmholtz on the necessary truth of the axioms of geometry. Kant holds that these axioms are invariable, of universal application, and independent of the testimony of experience. Helmholtz maintains that conditions

\* Jürgen und Johan Uexküll im Getriebe der Livländischen Hofleute. Von J. Lossius. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† Die Gesichtspunkte und Aufgaben der Politik: eine Streitschrift. Von Julius Froebel. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ Der Individualismus im Lichte der Biologie und Philosophie der Gegenwart. Von L. B. Hellenbach. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ Logik und Wissenschaftstheorie. Von Dr. E. Dühring. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ Erkenntnistheoretische Logik. Von Dr. W. Schuppe. Bonn: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ Kant und Rousseau. Von Dr. K. Dieterich. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* Kant und Helmholtz über den Ursprung und die Bedeutung der Raumanschauung. Von A. Krause. Lehr: Schauenburg. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* Beiträge zur Kunde des Prätörischen Edicts. Von Dr. Otto Lenel. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Williams & Norgate.

† Ueber die Entstehung der Städte der Alten. Komenverfassung und Synoikismos. Von Dr. Emil Kuhn. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ Odysseische Landschaften. Von Alexander Freiherr von Warsberg. 2 Bde. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ J. M. F. Birnbaum: ein Cultur- und Lebensbild. Von C. Gareis. Giessen: Roth. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| Ivan Pososchkow: Ideen und Zustände in Russland zur Zeit Peters des Grossen. Von A. Brückner. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

may conceivably exist to which they do not apply, and that even for ourselves they possess only an infinite degree of probability. If he is right, says Herr Krause, German philosophy has been astray for the last century, and we must resort to the English empirical school. To avert such a catastrophe, he joins battle with Helmholtz on seven several issues, and argues his case with an acuteness which shows him to be a very troublesome antagonist.

Dr. Brinkmann's series of "Studies on the Spirit of Modern Languages," as expressed in metaphors, promises to be valuable as well as entertaining, if the execution of the first part may be accepted as an earnest of the whole. This preliminary portion treats of the proverbs and other illustrations of familiar speech derived from observation of the habits and dispositions of animals. All the languages of Europe are put under contribution, and the collection is prefaced by an ingenious and suggestive essay on metaphors in general.

Diez's Etymological Dictionary of the Romance Languages is one of the standard philological works in European literature, and its reappearance in an enlarged edition will be warmly welcomed by a large body of students. Its value is enhanced by Herr Schelen's appendix, which is divided into two parts, the first containing words common to all languages of the Romance family, the second such as only occur in some of them.

The Golden Psalter of St. Gall is one of the most precious relics of antique palæography. It dates from about the middle of the ninth century, when the St. Gall school of calligraphy and miniature-painting had attained its highest perfection. Herr Rahn's analysis of its contents and execution is prefaced by an interesting study upon the manuscripts of St. Gall in general, and accompanied with select examples of the text and miniatures, beautifully and carefully executed.

It is seven years since Herr A. Fölsch read a paper before an Austrian Architectural Society on the subject of conflagrations in theatres. Since its delivery a hundred more theatres have been burned down, and nothing has been done to obviate similar catastrophes for the future. He naturally thinks a repetition of his warning desirable, and has expanded his discussion into a substantial volume. Eight chief causes of fires in theatres are enumerated, and the means of precaution and suppression minutely pointed out. One of the most interesting divisions of the book is the statistical, giving particulars of the destruction of five hundred and twenty-three theatres from 1569 to the present day. It appears that, on the average, thirteen theatres are now burned down every year.

Grillparzer, praised by Byron, has suffered in this country from the merciless sarcasm of Mr. Carlyle, formidable even when unjustifiable. That it is unjustifiable in the case of the Austrian dramatist will probably be the opinion of those who peruse Messrs. Thurstan and Wittmann's admirable version of the *Golden Fleece*. This fine drama may be in some parts too wordy, in others too sentimental, and studious of merely poetical effect at the expense of dramatic passion; in the main, however, it is a powerful and skilful adaptation of a classical subject to the exigencies of the modern stage, and has received all possible justice from the translators.

The *Russian Review* publishes the first part of an interesting sketch of Prince Golizyn, the Minister of the Princess Sophia during the minority of Peter the Great, and involved in her ruin. It is principally founded on the account of the French diplomatic agent, Neuville, which shows that reform and civilization were not unheard-of ideas at Moscow before Peter, although Golizyn lacked either the time or the will to put any of his projects into execution. The valuable article on Russian wines, and the review of Schuyler's *Turkestan*, are continued from the last number.

The most important article in the *Rundschau* is perhaps the reply of Oscar Schmidt, the Darwinian naturalist, to the charge of favouring socialistic ideas which is sometimes brought against Darwinism. Herr Schmidt replies that Darwinism, in asserting the development of all organizations by an inexorable natural process, negatives those providential interferences on the part of the State which Socialism invokes to mitigate the severity of economic laws. Herr Kruse, the popular novelist, publishes an agreeable account of a visit made by him to Sesenheim in 1835, and the anecdotes he then gleaned from the lips of Sophie Brion, the surviving sister of Goethe's Friederike. General Brandt's valuable memoirs of the Berlin revolution of 1848 are concluded; there is also a good summary of the general results of the recent Paris Exhibition, and a pretty story by Wilhelmine von Hillern.

\* *Die Metaphern: Studien über den Geist der modernen Sprachen.* Von Dr. F. Brinkmann. Bd. i. Bonn: Marcus. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Romanischen Sprachen.* Von Friedrich Diez. Vierte Ausgabe. Mit einem Anhang von A. Schelen. Bonn: Marcus. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Das Psalterium Aureum von Sanct Gallen: ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Karolingischen Miniaturmalerei.* Mit Text von J. R. Rahn. St. Gallen: Huber. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Theaterbrände, und die zur Verhütung derselben erforderlichen Schutzmassregeln.* Von Aug. Fölsch. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Medea: a Tragedy.* By Grillparzer. Translated by F. W. Thurstan and S. A. Wittmann. London: Nisbet & Co.

¶ *Russische Revue: Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. vii. Hft. 9. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner.

\*\* *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. v. Hft. 2. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

The October number of the *Deutsche Revue*\* is remarkably interesting, containing among other important contributions an account of the conception and prosecution of the Suez Canal undertaking from the pen of M. de Lesseps himself. Still more curious is Dr. Brugsch's translation of the Egyptian romance of *Setna*, transcribed (the date of the original composition was probably the fourteenth century B.C.) in the time of the Ptolemies, with a conjectural restoration of the missing portions of the story. Several letters of Chamisso are published by F. von Bodenstedt, and "Kormos Muki" is a pretty story of gipsy life in Hungary.

\* *Deutsche Revue.* Herausgegeben von Richard Fleischer. Jahrg. iii. Hft. 1. Berlin: Janke. London: Nutt.

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